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### MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.

**N**O Ministry can last long without having its troubles. Even if its troubles do not come from without, they come from within. Personal questions arise, and personal questions are often the most disagreeable and dangerous of any. Frequently these troubles come from ill luck. The wrong man is in the wrong place; but it might easily happen that, if the circumstances with which he had to deal were such circumstances as ordinarily occur in his department, he might get on well enough, or at least his shortcomings would not be made manifest. An unkind stroke of fate confronts these wrong men with something unusual, some catastrophe, or some piece of hard work of an exceptional kind. Then they are found out, and the Ministry passes through a bad quarter of an hour. It has to choose whether it will support its men and live in constant terror lest they should get it into new scrapes, or whether it will go through the humiliation of reconstitution. The public justly credits Mr. DISRAELI with a sincere anxiety to make good appointments, and very often, as conspicuously in the instance of Lord MAYO, he has shown much discernment in his choice. Unless the organs of his party are mistaken, Mr. HARDINGE GIFFARD is to be the new Solicitor-General. It is always inconvenient to appoint a Law Officer who has no seat in Parliament. Not that there can be the slightest difficulty in providing a seat for the new SOLICITOR-GENERAL. There are at least a hundred local nobodies on the Conservative side of the House, any one of whom would gladly give up his seat for a baronetcy, and we know what Mr. DISRAELI thinks of baronets too well to doubt that he would make one more with perfect indifference. Still it is always a little ridiculous and invidious to give a title to a brewer in order that a useful and able man may replace him in Parliament, and a Prime Minister only goes through the process when he is sincerely anxious to get a good man to help him in his work. There is also something disagreeable in passing over the lawyers who already sit in the House, and bringing in an outsider on the ground that they must all recognize his superiority. The choice of Mr. HARDINGE GIFFARD, if made, will therefore do credit to Mr. DISRAELI, and may be taken to show that he is in earnest in his wish to be well served. But it is a much more difficult thing to repair mistakes when they have been made, and to set aside the wrong men simply because they have been found out, and have had a strain put upon them greater than they have been able to bear. Very few Conservatives would shrink from confessing that Mr. DISRAELI made a mistake when he put Mr. WARD HUNT at the head of the Admiralty, and Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY at the head of the Board of Trade. For these appointments Mr. DISRAELI cannot be said to be to blame. It is the custom of Ministers, and it is part of the traditions of English Parliamentary government, to give a civilian who has never seen a ship the charge of the English navy at a day's notice. There was no reason to suppose that Mr. WARD HUNT could not do what the late Ministry had judged Mr. GOSCHEN capable of doing. Mr. WARD HUNT had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the scale of official duties and difficulties it is ordinarily assumed that any one who can make a Budget can *à fortiori* manage ships. It has turned out that Mr. WARD HUNT cannot manage ships; but if he had but held his tongue, and the *Vanguard* had not gone down, it might never have been known that he cannot manage them. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY, too, might reasonably have seemed quite good

enough for the Board of Trade. Experience had shown that the Board had got on somehow, even under the superintendence of Mr. BRIGHT. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY is a man highly respected and widely esteemed, and has much good sense and desire for honest work. Unfortunately, ill luck gave him to do the very thing which he was not fitted to do well. He had to conduct a complicated Bill, touching on many interests, through the House of Commons. This was too much for him. He had not the grasp of a wide subject, nor the adroitness in debate necessary for success. In ordinary circumstances he might have got on very fairly. As it is, even Conservative members addressing their constituents freely own that he is a failure.

With the case of Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY it is not very difficult for the Ministry to deal. It so happened that not only was he somewhat unequal to the duties of his post when they became accidentally arduous, but he had been provided with an Under-Secretary who carried indiscretion to a fantastic excess; and who, far from helping him with his Bill, openly sneered at that unhappy attempt at legislation. Changes in the lower official regions are easily made, and Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK has been replaced by Mr. STANHOPE, who has gradually made a reputation for ability and sense. The precedent of taking the Merchant Shipping Bill out of the hands of its author was set at the end of last Session, and can easily be repeated when Parliament meets; and, with a good assistant and freedom from the burden of exceptionally difficult legislation, Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY may be left to show that he can do the current work of his office satisfactorily. What to do about the navy is much more puzzling. It seems hard on those of the Ministry who are succeeding in their several departments to find the general reputation of the Cabinet at the mercy of an inefficient colleague; and it is still harder on the public to pay for the navy, and to be told to trust to it for safety and glory, and yet to see Mr. WARD HUNT at its head. But, just as it is easier to make a bad match than to get release from the tie, so it is easier for a Prime Minister to regret that he has made a bad choice than to see how to shelve the man he has appointed. Mr. WARD HUNT, although not fit to govern the navy, deserves to be shelved in a comfortable and decorous manner; and although the first duty of Mr. DISRAELI is to think of the country, yet he must be allowed to choose the time and mode of doing a painful thing. The blunders of a Ministry are not indeed easily repaired, and often the immediate difficulty is to know how to treat them. The Ministry seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the easiest and safest way is to treat its blunders as blunders, to own its mistakes, and to disarm criticism by the frankness of its humiliation. The stages by which it has let itself down are sometimes curiously conspicuous. Lord DERBY started by saying that the Slave Trade Circular was an unobjectionable document, framed in accordance with the views of the highest legal authorities, only it had been unaccountably misconstrued by some perverse and unintelligent people. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE got so far as to say that the people who had misconstrued it seemed to him to have excellent reasons for doing so. Finally, the Circular is now pronounced in Ministerial circles to have been an absurd blunder of some unknown clerk. In this easy way things seem to have been made quite comfortable. A blunder has been made; but, as Mr. WARD HUNT would say, does not the flag of England still float on the breeze?

An angry Conservative member has invented or sug-

gested a new grievance against the Government as to its appointments. It seems to touch him nearly, although the public may not have been previously aware of its existence. The grievance is that places are not fairly distributed, and that Conservative county members get much more than their share of office, at the expense of Conservative borough members. The county members, too, appear to treat the borough members with a provoking assumption of superiority; and to be at once trampled on and kept out of the good things that are going about is more than the indignant revealer of this grievance can stand. It may perhaps comfort him to reflect that Mr. DISRAELI is probably more guided in his selections by the wish to get good men than by a wish to give either borough or county members places. The reason why borough members suffer under this exclusion from office is not difficult to discover. A man who has a large house outside a country town, who subscribes freely to charities, goes regularly to church, and sells his own beer to his own publicans, is precisely the man to be the Conservative member for the borough, but it would be curious if he had a single qualification for office. Mr. DISRAELI is quite right at once to use and to despise most of his borough supporters. But this is not the only grievance which has lately been made known. Mr. SULLIVAN has his charge to make against the Ministry, and this time what is alleged is not a little matter, or slightly discreditable to the Ministry. He has seen an audacious job committed, according to his statement, in Ireland, and to see it has been peculiarly painful, because no less a person than Lord CAIRNS expressly promised in the House of Lords that it should not be committed. Finding that a second Judge in the Irish Landed Estates Court was wholly unnecessary, the late Lord-Lieutenant would not appoint a second Judge when one of the judgeships became vacant. Lord CAIRNS, if Mr. SULLIVAN is right, undertook that the place should be left vacant, and Mr. SULLIVAN withdrew a question as to this second judgeship which he was going to put in the House of Commons, and withdrew it on the express ground that he was satisfied with the assurance of Lord CAIRNS. The purity and integrity of the Ministry have not, however, been proof against temptation. A shelf was wanted for the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and it has actually been found for him by appointing him to this second judgeship. The *Times*, with contemptuous cynicism, laughs at Mr. SULLIVAN for having been weak enough to believe that the jobbery of a Conservative Government in Ireland would ever cease. Lord SPENCER had withstood the clamour of Irish jobbers hungry for a place, but no Conservative Lord-Lieutenant can be expected to have the same amount of firmness and virtue. If this is true, it is a very melancholy truth. It is not a subject of slight regret that the Conservative administration of Ireland should be acknowledged to be tainted with an inherent and ineradicable malady; and it is, if possible, more to be regretted that a man in the position of Lord CAIRNS should see himself reduced, for the mere sake of party convenience, to acquiesce in a post being filled up which he has stated ought, in the interests of the public, to be left vacant.

#### SPAIN.

IT is perhaps a symptom of the revival of political life in Spain that Señor CASTELAR has, after a long interval of retirement, published, in the form of a reported conversation, his opinions on the present and probable condition of affairs. It was not desirable that the first of Spanish orators, of unblemished personal character, and having held for a time the highest post in the Government, should be permanently excluded from an active share in public business. There was reason to hope that the unwisdom which CASTELAR had learned in the school of MAZZINI had been to a great extent corrected by experience. When he was in office he showed his honesty and good sense by practically repudiating all the doctrines which he had previously adorned with his eloquence. Since the Carthagenan rebellion and the Carlist war it is not likely that CASTELAR will relapse into Federalism. It was unfortunate for the enemies of society in Spain, as in France, that they had opportunities of exhibiting their principles in action. If CASTELAR's language has been accurately reported, he has still much to learn. The enthusiastic advocate of liberty is said to have proposed the seven years' dictatorship of "a man with a long stick," or, in other words, of a soldier. Of the

demagogues whose factious efforts had caused his own expulsion from power he speaks with indignant contempt; but he still persuades himself to hope that, after agitation had for seven years been forcibly repressed, it would be practicable to establish a free Republic. It is difficult to understand how the military ruler is to be displaced at the end of his term, or what substitute is to be provided after his removal for the maintenance of order. Politicians who think that in modern Europe constitutional monarchy is the most convenient form of government have at least the merit of exercising a judgment which is not consciously biassed. Liking neither "men with long sticks" nor demagogues exercising power in the name of the multitude, they consider that the chief of the State should be controlled by fixed limitations of his power, while the permanence of his supremacy should discourage selfish ambitions. O'DONNELL and NARVAEZ, though they might often exercise arbitrary power, were far less despotic than they would have been as Presidents of a Spanish Republic.

There is reason to believe that the national feeling of Spain coincides in its result with the calculations of Liberal theorists. Although ALFONSO XII. owes his crown to a military movement, his title seems to have been universally acknowledged. The nation, in allowing a boy of seventeen to occupy the throne, virtually announced its preference of a form of government which is independent of the personal qualities of the nominal chief. There is no reason to attribute to the Spaniards of the present day, with perhaps the exception of the Carlists, an idolatrous belief in the divine right of kings; but the people feel, and politicians have convinced themselves, that subjects have even a stronger interest than princes in hereditary succession. No reasonable supporter of limited monarchy holds that the machinery which he recommends is always and everywhere to be preferred. It would be as absurd to suggest the conversion of the American Republic into a kingdom as to propose the establishment of an Empire of the Russian type in England. France itself is about to try the experiment of a Republic, and it may be presumed that a system approved, however unwillingly, by nearly all parties, has some chance of success. If, unfortunately, the young ALFONSO should prove himself as incapable and untrustworthy as many of his predecessors, the only alternative of constitutional Monarchy will be some kind of Republic. In the meantime it is irritating to hear one contrivance among many represented as a matter of sacred and indefeasible right. According to the report, Señor CASTELAR still, as in former times, is immutably attached to a Republic. The French revolutionists of the last century might boast that they had founded a sect as unreasoning and as fanatical as if they were united by the profession of a religious heresy. In modern France the belief in the universal necessity of a Republic is confined to the Communists and to the followers of M. LOUIS BLANC and M. NAQUET. Señor CASTELAR, who is now an adherent of the party of order and moderation, still recites the creed of his youth with obstinate iteration. There is reason to fear that he may render himself incapable of serving his country by obstinately insisting on an arbitrary formula. If Parliamentary government is to be restored in Spain, both Ministers and leaders of Opposition must accept Monarchy as an ultimate fact, and confine their contention to rivalry in the service of the Crown. There was some reason in the frequent remark of NAPOLEON III., that he could only allow full constitutional rights when his dynasty was generally acknowledged. CROMWELL told one of his Parliaments that he would grant them all the privileges which they demanded, on the sole condition that they should recognize him who called them there.

It is not known whether the Republicans will attempt to assert their strength in the impending elections. It has been the habit of Spanish parties to seek to be represented in the Cortes in succession rather than simultaneously. Within a few years there has been a Parliament devoted to SAGASTA, another all but unanimously attached to ZORRILLA, and, lastly, a Republican Assembly in which the recent majority was almost wholly unrepresented. The officious interference of Ministers with elections, and the abstention of the leaders of Opposition, may be reckoned among the principal causes of the failure of constitutional government in Spain. The questions in dispute have for the most part related to persons rather than to policy, except when the Republican Cortes was engaged in the active or passive propagation of anarchy. It is not improbable that some spirit may be infused into



the next electoral contest by the struggle between the Church and the Liberal party. The Ministers will commit a fatal error if they hand over the control of affairs to the clergy, or rather to the agents of Rome. They have already found advantage in the display of a certain amount of firmness. The outrageous demands of the NUNCIO have hitherto had no effect except in causing the overthrow of a Minister who had hastily pledged himself to impracticable concessions. His successors declared their inability to restore or to maintain a Concordat which purported to impose absolute religious uniformity, and to render spiritual offences punishable by the civil power. It is probable that the answer was anticipated; and that the Court of Rome had only adopted the policy of a plaintiff who asks enormous damages in the expectation of obtaining a portion of his demand. In his reply to the Government, the NUNCIO, after formally reaffirming the principle of his original proposal, expresses his willingness, if political necessity interferes with full and strict justice, to negotiate on the details of the Concordat. Both parties must be well aware that the POPE has little to give in return for any concessions which his NUNCIO may receive. The fortune of war has removed any chance of playing off a Royal Pretender against the actual KING. Confined in a portion of the provinces which he lately occupied, and approaching the end of his resources, DON CARLOS can have no hope of a Papal recognition, from which indeed he would derive little advantage. The Roman Court will, if it is well advised, take the present opportunity of making the best terms for the Church in Spain. The prohibition of nonconformity would almost certainly provoke a future reaction.

The civil war may probably be prolonged through the winter; but it will almost certainly end as soon as the season permits large military operations to be effected. When it was known that DON CARLOS had addressed a letter to KING ALFONSO, it was naturally supposed that the Pretender sought to effect some arrangement for the termination of the war. The ridiculous proposal which was actually made is not worth discussion. DON CARLOS himself must know that there is no probability of an American war, and that his offer to defend the Northern provinces against an invasion from the United States is utterly ludicrous. It is not impossible that the original interpretation of his singular overture may prove to be correct. DON CARLOS may perhaps have thought that he would receive a counter proposal on which negotiations might be founded. For the present the Government of Madrid properly treats the communication with silence and contempt. The next task of any Government which may be in power will be to reduce the numbers of the army. Some part of the superfluous troops will probably be despatched to Cuba; but only sanguine politicians will hope for the suppression of the colonial rebellion. The Ministers are said to have lately answered General GRANT'S menacing Note; but they have no reason to fear American intervention. The proposal that a Republic should be established in Cuba accomplished its object when the November State elections resulted in a series of Republican victories. No section of the party has thought it expedient or necessary to affect agreement with the PRESIDENT'S warlike policy. The troubles in Cuba may perhaps provide an opening for some of the officers who will be thrown out of employment by the termination of the Carlist war. The principal generals will be competitors with the Parliamentary leaders for official power. The actual PRIME MINISTER is a general and Minister of War; and it is said that he has rivals in MARTINEZ CAMPOS, and other military leaders. A statesman such as PRIM, who had the power of controlling the army, would probably be the best Spanish Minister for the time. In a few years the KING may possibly have sufficient influence with the army to offer a counterpoise to military ambition. The regeneration of Spain is not absolutely hopeless, but it requires a rare combination of wisdom, patriotism, and good fortune. It will be a cause for regret if CASTELAR, who is undoubtedly devoted to the welfare of the country, withholds, through superstitious prejudices, his co-operation in the establishment of freedom, order, and prosperity.

#### FOREIGN BONDS AND ENGLISH HOLDERS.

THE depression of all but the best foreign Stocks is at the same time intelligible and inconvenient. The accumulation of money which was caused by the slack

demand for commercial discount is greatly aggravated by the scarcity of eligible investments. The holders of inferior stocks have suffered heavy losses, and those of them who have submitted to the sacrifice of selling out have a difficulty in finding employment for their reduced capital. The alarm which was justified by the investigations of the Foreign Loans Committee of the House of Commons has been revived by the violent measure of the Turkish Government, and more recently by the repudiation of the Peruvian guano contract. Although the Government of Peru has not yet announced its inability to provide for the dividends which will shortly be due, it is known that the only fund from which it could have satisfied the demands of its creditors consisted in the advances which the Société Générale of Paris had undertaken to make on the purchase of a large quantity of guano. The bargain was concluded between the French bank and Commissioners who were supposed to be invested with full powers; nor can it be supposed that the Société Générale would have concluded the negotiation unless the credentials of the agents had been apparently sufficient. It is indeed almost superfluous in the present day to scrutinize any such authority closely. There can be no doubt that the President of PERU and his Ministers received daily information by telegraph of the progress of the negotiation. Their silence was equivalent to a ratification of every step taken by their agents. As in the case of the Turkish suspension of payment, a rapid fall in Peruvian Stock both indicated the approach of disaster and suggested a suspicion that favoured speculators had been admitted to a knowledge of the secret. A few days ago it was announced, without explanation or apology, that the Peruvian Government refused to ratify the contract except on condition of an increase of the stipulated price of the guano. The Société Générale, as might have been expected, refused the concession; and accordingly the bondholders foresee that they will be defrauded of the dividend which they had a right to expect. The Peruvian Government can only excuse its conduct at the expense of its own agents, nor indeed can it disavow its own authority. As a part of the payment to be made under the contract would have been applied to meet current expenses, it is strange that the Ministers of Peru should have adopted a course which will render it impossible to obtain credit elsewhere. It is not probable that any rival purchaser has offered higher terms for the guano, for any negotiation of the kind would have been allowed to transpire for the satisfaction of creditors.

It would for the present be premature to place Peru on the moral level of Honduras, Costa Rica, or Paraguay; but in one respect a Peruvian default will be still more inexcusable than the dishonesty of the smaller Republics. The greater part of the money which was extracted from the sufferers in the name of the Honduras or Paraguay Governments was intercepted by the agents who floated her loans in London. Having no intention of repaying principal or interest, the Republics were content, as mere accomplices in the transaction, to accept as clear gain any fraction of the loans which might escape the grasp of the contractors. If the consciences of Honduras politicians require any excuse, they may perhaps persuade themselves that they cannot be expected to refund sums of which they have only received a small portion. The insolvency of the State had been practically demonstrated before the later loans were raised, and the dupes who lent their money were deceived, not by South Americans, but by Englishmen or Frenchmen. The Government of Peru, on the other hand, had valuable security to offer in the form of the article of which it possesses a monopoly; and it has received and spent the money on which interest is due. Unless its recent conduct admits of some explanation which it is difficult to conjecture, the present rulers of Peru will have inflicted an injury, not only on their creditors and on their own country, but on all the neighbouring communities. There are exceptions to the general discredit which attaches to South American States. Brazil, Chili, Buenos Ayres, and the Argentine Confederation have hitherto kept faith with their creditors. Peru has less excuse than Turkey for depriving the bondholders of their due. The Porte could only have provided interest on its bonds by new loans which must have been raised, if at all, at an exorbitant rate of interest. The simple ratification of the guano contract would have rendered unnecessary a Peruvian act of bankruptcy.

The experience which has been acquired by the creditors of Spain, of Greece, and of many other discredited States,

has abundantly illustrated the distinction between a private loan and an advance of money to an independent State. More than twenty years ago a Commission of the Legislature of Iowa recommended the abolition of all laws and all tribunals which had been instituted for the recovery of private debts. The authors of the Report ingeniously observed that no debts were so regularly paid as debts of honour; and they proceeded with some show of logic to contend that all other debts, when payment could no longer be enforced, would become debts of honour. As the recommendation was not adopted, it is still uncertain whether debts would, as a general practice, be voluntarily discharged. Sovereign States can only contract debts of honour; and the result of immunity from legal process is not altogether reassuring. England, France, and Russia would have met their obligations from a sense of national honour and dignity, even if it had not been their obvious interest to maintain their credit. In case of need England could borrow enormous sums at nearly the lowest rate of interest. The French Government borrowed money for the discharge of the German indemnity at about five per cent. The United States, with resources at least equal to those of any other nation, pay a heavy fine in the form of high interest for the attempts which have been from time to time made by party politicians to repudiate portions of the debt. Some of the States of the Union have also to the best of their ability injured Federal credit by refusing payment of interest on loans. The term repudiation was first used when, at the instance of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, the State of Mississippi determined long ago to defraud its creditors. Whether honesty is financially the best policy may perhaps be disputed, as far as Governments have to deal with debts already incurred. There can be no doubt that recognized solvency is expedient where there is a probability that future loans will be required. It will be strange if Peru can hereafter dispense with the aid of European capitalists. Turkey will only be prevented by sheer impossibility from contracting future loans.

It is perhaps not altogether undesirable that English capitalists should be occasionally reminded of the insecurity of some of their most speculative investments. No operation is more legitimate than a loan to a foreign State which offers reasonable security in its character, or by the assignment of special funds for the payment of interest. The large sums which are received in England on account of dividends have the effect of a tribute paid by foreign countries, to the extent of the difference between the ordinary rate of interest at home and the amount of dividend on the capital advanced. At present Russian Stocks may be bought at prices which will yield more than five per cent., and French or United States Stocks to pay somewhat less. By an examination of the Stock Exchange List, purchasers may accommodate themselves with investments of various degrees of soundness, nominally returning, in proportion to their insecurity, higher and higher rates of dividend. It must be remembered that even possible insolvency or dishonesty has a commercial value. If high interest means bad security, conversely bad security means high interest; and there are always capitalists who prefer the chance of large profits to the certainty of punctual returns. The holders of Turkish Stock had to some extent covered by anticipation the losses which they have incurred by the recent suspension of interest. The market price of stock is perhaps ultimately regulated by the demands of genuine investors, but the fluctuations from day to day are principally caused by speculators who care nothing for interest except as far as it affects the market price. Spanish Stocks, and even Costa Rica Stocks, are quoted from day to day at certain prices, although all parties must be well aware that they only serve as counters to play with. The bare possibility of some eventual arrangement which may render Spanish Stock not wholly worthless gives it a sufficient value to make it a subject of purchase and sale and of gambling. The late disasters will probably have the effect of raising the value of money against borrowing Governments. If so, it is possible that the losses which have been incurred may be retrieved by the general body of capitalists, if not by the actual losers.

#### M. BUFFET'S PROSPECTS.

THE week which is ending has perhaps been the happiest of M. BUFFET's life. Before the debate on the electoral law the air was filled with rumours of coming disasters. Defeat on the question of the *scrutin* meant retirement from office at a most critical time, and though M. BUFFET might have involved his enemies in his fall, he would not the less have fallen. To do M. BUFFET justice, he is not the man to whom Marshal MACMAHON would have entrusted the formation of an extra-Parliamentary Cabinet. Even on the assumption that he came off conqueror on the electoral law, M. BUFFET's enemies had still predictions of evil in reserve. He might be able to carry the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, but he would never be able to defend his general policy. That was doomed, whatever else might be saved. Either on an interpellation, or on the proposal to amend the law relating to the appointment of mayors, or on the impropriety of holding the elections with a state of siege existing in something like a fourth of the departments, a direct issue of confidence or no confidence would be raised, and M. BUFFET would discover how completely the majority of the 25th of February had been alienated by his reactionary measures. Not one of these prophecies has come anywhere near the truth. M. BUFFET's victory on the electoral law has been the forerunner of success in everything he has put his hand to. Before the battle had come off he offered no opposition to the interposition of a debate on the appointment of mayors and a debate on the state of siege between the second and third readings of the electoral law. When the battle was won, the debate on the nomination of mayors dwindled down to an announcement from M. BUFFET that no change would be made in the present system before the elections, and to an arrangement on the part of the obedient deputies to leave the whole question to be settled by the new Legislature. The state of siege has been more fortunate in securing the attention of the Assembly, because it is associated incidentally with the press law which the Government wish to see carried before the elections, but it is doubtful whether the Liberal party would not prefer that the question had been let alone. The Government propose to raise the siege in all the departments except four; but as these four happen to include the cities of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles, with a population amounting to a ninth of the whole population of France, and as besides this nineteen-twentieths of the important newspapers are published in them, the increase of liberty vouchsafed during the elections will be less than it may at first appear. In return for this, the Liberals are asked to pass a press law to which they entertain a great and reasonable dislike. When things are going thus well for M. BUFFET, it is no wonder that his friends begin to fancy, not that the majority of the 25th of February has held together, but that the majority of the 24th of May has been revived.

If the Assembly were going to remain in being for another year, these visions would be of some importance. A Minister like M. BUFFET, once provided with a reactionary majority, might be led on to do much more in the way of upsetting the Republic than he had contemplated, or would have consented to, when he took office. As the case stands, however, it seems to make very little difference whether M. BUFFET does or does not consent to dismiss a few Conservative mayors, or even whether he does or does not insist on maintaining the state of siege in the only places where the state of siege is of much use to him or gives much annoyance to his opponents. The Assembly cannot last more than a few weeks longer, since, now that M. BUFFET has got his way about the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, there is not even a pretext for putting off the elections. By February, probably, it will be known what France thinks of the Republican party, and in comparison with the interest of this discovery it really matters nothing what M. BUFFET thinks of them. It is true the discovery will be made under the conditions most favourable to the Minister's triumph. The electors will, for the most part, be distributed into small constituencies, each returning a single member—an arrangement which is supposed to give every advantage to official candidatures, and to direct the choice of the electors to men whose fame is rather parochial than political. The influence of the Government over the voters will be directed by mayors who have been either appointed or retained by the Duke of BROGLIE or by M. BUFFET. The press will be at the mercy of the military



commanders in the three great cities, and, if the press law passes, at the mercy of the Correctional Police everywhere else. No doubt it would have been better if the elections could have been held under a system more calculated to give fair play to all parties, and so to arrive at the real wishes of the country. But if France has any strong and unmistakable desire, she will find ways of expressing it so as to leave no doubt of her meaning. When the Duke of BROGLIE was in office, the administrative pressure brought to bear on the by-elections was certainly not less than will shortly be brought to bear on the general election, while the probability of the voters being influenced by this pressure then was very much greater than it is now. A Liberal success in a by-election could not directly bring about the fall of the Government. It could only weaken its majority, and thereby excite its anger. A Liberal success in the general election will undoubtedly bring about the fall of the Government, or, at all events, its reconstruction on a much more liberal basis. Consequently the Republican voters will go to the poll with the intent not, as in the by-elections, of giving a barren warning to a powerful adversary, but of displacing that adversary by their own friends. If, notwithstanding all their advantages, the Government never scored a victory in the by-elections, what reason is there to suppose that they will be more successful in a general election? None, unless the feeling which led the electors to return Republican candidates in 1873 should have died out in 1876. In that case no doubt M. BUFFET may find that the elections have given him a Chamber of Deputies to his mind; but this result will be due, not to any manoeuvring on his part, but to a genuine change in public opinion. If such a change has taken place, the constitutional work of the present year may possibly be undone; but, unfortunate as that result would be, it would in no sense be attributable to any petty successes which M. BUFFET may have gained during the last weeks of the Assembly's last Session. Parties in France are now in the position of candidates going in for an examination, and it is not the men that make the most frantic rushes at their books the night before that usually come out highest. The result has been virtually determined by years of previous labour. As M. JULES SIMON told the Republican Left the other day, if the Republic wins in the coming elections, it will be because the conduct of the Republican party has been such as to convince the electors that they are the safest depositaries of political power. If this belief really exists in the minds of a majority of Frenchmen, it will find voice in the elections, no matter under what conditions they may be held.

In his speech on the appointment of mayors M. BUFFET justified his intention of doing his best to obtain a majority for the Government by a quotation from M. THIERS. In a free country, said the ex-President, the opinions which have been raised to power have the right of defending themselves in the elections. We, said M. BUFFET, speaking for himself and his colleagues, have always defended our policy in the Assembly without exercising any pressure on the deputies, and in the same way we intend to defend our policy before the electors, and to leave them to answer freely whether they approve or condemn it. In form this declaration contains nothing that can be found fault with; but it does not seem to have occurred to M. BUFFET that you cannot submit to other people that which you have not got yourself. What, now that the Constitution has been completed and the electoral law passed, is the policy of M. BUFFET's Administration? Probably there is scarcely a question that is likely to be raised in the new Legislature on which one or other of the Ministers is not likely to be at issue with his colleagues. The Cabinet can come before the electors as a homogeneous body in regard to the past; but there is no unity, there is not even concord, between them in regard to the future. They took office for a particular purpose, which is now fulfilled, and though the elections may confirm the policy of this or that member of M. BUFFET's Ministry, they cannot confirm the policy of that Ministry regarded as a whole.

#### THE COLSTON SPEECHES.

THE annual COLSTON festival commemorates the munificence of a citizen of Bristol who flourished two or three centuries ago. His votaries, finding it impossible to agree on any point except reverence for their common patron, have distributed themselves into three sects, of which one is neutral, while the other two profess oppo-

site political opinions. On the anniversary subscriptions are so liberally paid into the several funds that it is said that half the inhabitants of Bristol have received benefactions in various forms. The Conservatives of the "Dolphin," and the Liberals at the "Anchor," are probably anxious to avoid all approach to the exercise of pecuniary influence, but it is possible that their donations may often find their way to supporters of their respective parties. It is not to be regretted that other towns have abstained from following the example of Bristol; but local customs are generally more or less interesting, and the arrangement by which the Conservatives and Liberals dine and speak simultaneously is ingenious and peculiar. The managers of the rival Clubs naturally exert themselves to procure the attendance of eminent politicians. The Liberals have the advantage over their adversaries of including in their number the two members for the city; and on the late occasion they were skilful enough to secure the presence of a visitor of the highest political rank, while the Conservatives contented themselves with one or two members of Parliament, a Duke, and the SECRETARY of the TREASURY. MR. CAVE, who made the longest speech of the evening, was naturally unable to escape from the region of commonplace; and the Duke of BEAUFORT would have done well to follow MR. CAVE's example. The suggestion that MR. GLADSTONE ought to have been impeached for his assent to the rupture of the Treaty of Paris by Russia was unseasonable and absurd. The House of Commons which might have impeached him, and the House of Lords which would have heard the charge, acquiesced in the policy of the Government. The Duke of BEAUFORT has no warrant for his assertion that the present Ministers would have adopted a different course; and after five years the matter is obsolete. MR. W. H. SMITH dealt with a much more interesting topic in his statement that the next Budget will exhibit a moderate surplus. The estimated increase of revenue for the year has been already realized, and there is no reason to anticipate a decline during the next few months.

The principal guest at the "Anchor" was no less a person than the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. LORD HARTINGTON, as on many other occasions, justified the confidence which has been reposed in his moderation and prudence. The doctrine of some of his associates on the front Opposition bench, that the Liberal party must constantly devise reasons for its own existence, finds no support from LORD HARTINGTON. It was the practice of some of his predecessors to begin a new agitation whenever their popularity declined, and especially when they found themselves out of office. LORD HARTINGTON is inclined by temperament, and perhaps by his personal position, to wait more patiently for unforeseen opportunities. The overthrow of the late Government was principally due to the annoyance and alarm which was caused by its incessant restlessness. It would be a gross blunder to confirm the popular impression by spasmodic activity in opposition. Another impediment to the resumption of offensive warfare consists in the division of opinion among the leaders of the party and among the several sections. A proposal for the further extension of the franchise, or for an attack on the Established Church, would not be unanimously supported either by the Liberals in general or by the members of MR. GLADSTONE's Cabinet. LORD HARTINGTON also called attention to the ambiguous or neutral position of a contingent which has hitherto formed an indispensable part of the Liberal forces. The majority of Irish members are pledged to denominational education, which is obnoxious to the Liberals, and to separation from England, with which neither party can safely tamper. MR. GLADSTONE sailed dangerously near the wind when he evaded the necessity of denouncing Home Rule by professing his inability to understand what it meant. There are perhaps faint symptoms of a reaction in England against the results of the last general election. The compact phalanx of licensed victuallers has probably relaxed its union; and the irritation which was generally felt against the late Ministers has naturally subsided. At the municipal elections, which unfortunately always turn upon politics, the Liberals retrieved many of their former defeats. Above all, the Ballot has rendered political calculations utterly uncertain. Caprice and momentary impulse will henceforth have a greatly increased share in the distribution of political power.

During parts of LORD HARTINGTON's speech a stranger might have doubted whether he had not mistaken the Con-

servative "Dolphin" for the revolutionary "Anchor." It is at the same time satisfactory and odd to be assured by the leader of the party of movement that the people, satisfied with the institutions of the country, have no desire for change. The statement may perhaps be true, but it was of another set of truths that Lord HARTINGTON was chosen to be the exponent. The highest wisdom of the Liberal party consists, according to the same authority, in patience and moderation. Of the events of the last Session Lord HARTINGTON said little, and in taking credit to his own party he carefully avoided injustice to the Government. He modestly boasted of the disinterested support which they had given to Mr. CROSS's legislative measures, and he recalled with satisfaction the solitary question on which all sections of the Liberal party agreed. They objected, without immediate success, to the Regimental Exchanges Bill; but Lord HARTINGTON stated, with praiseworthy candour, that the War Department had, in fulfilment of Mr. HARDY's pledges, framed stringent regulations for the prevention of abuses which might have been facilitated by the Act. The tone of the Bristol speech presented a contrast with Lord HARTINGTON's commentary on the Ministerial proceedings at the close of the Session, but he is consistent in preserving an expectant and critical attitude, instead of producing ambitious schemes of political change. His elaborate fairness to his adversaries gave additional effect to his criticism on their recent blunders. The Fugitive Slave Circular, and the mode in which it was suspended and afterwards withdrawn, have, as objects of censure, only the defect of being absolutely incapable of defence. Mr. WARD HUNT's infelicitous apology for the loss of the *Vanguard* was another easy and obvious point of attack. The foreign policy of the country is too important to be lightly introduced into party controversy, and Lord HARTINGTON generously acknowledged Mr. DISRAELI's systematic abstinence from any attempt to embarrass the external action of the Liberal Government.

Mr. HATTEY, who followed Lord HARTINGTON, had perhaps some excuse for endeavouring to enliven the meeting by the party feeling which had been disclaimed by his leader; but his charges were not of the kind to excite strong indignation. If the brother of a popular Minister has incidentally profited by a shifting of places, the country regards with toleration a slight exhibition of human weakness. Official and Parliamentary experience tends to depreciate the importance which may be hastily attributed to the isolated miscarriages of a Government. Although Mr. DISRAELI has no pretence to the vast administrative knowledge and to the untiring activity of his predecessor, the great State departments are, with one or two exceptions, strongly manned. The five SECRETARIES of STATE and the LORD CHANCELLOR are not surpassed in fitness for their respective offices by any competitors in either party; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has fairly earned the confidence of the country and the House of Commons. The Fugitive Slave Circular and the *Vanguard* muddle, though they are indefensible, are the less provoking because they are not parts of a pretentious policy. Some of the late Ministers never attended a public dinner without hinting in mere lightness of heart at some measure, perhaps never seriously contemplated, which menaced vested interests or established institutions. Whether Mr. GOSCHEN proposed to sell off college lands, or Mr. GLADSTONE defended universal suffrage, the immediate indiscretion was regarded as a disclosure of dangerous designs. The Fugitive Slave Circular stands alone, because it has never been suspected that any English party was disposed to countenance slavery or the slave trade. Mr. WARD HUNT, notwithstanding his own words, cannot be supposed to regard with complacency the proof which the *Vanguard* afforded of the efficiency of the *Iron Duke*. In both cases the Government, when it is questioned in Parliament, will virtually plead guilty, and submit to a nominal sentence.

#### CHILI.

THE great Exhibition which before long is to call all the world that likes to go to the other side of the Atlantic has been preceded by a humble rival which is not without claims to notice. Chili has got up a little Exhibition of its own, and has worked hard to command such success as may be within its reach. This Exhibition was solemnly opened a few weeks ago on the festival commemorating the establishment of national independence,

so that the Chilians had two things at once to be proud of and find delight in. Except that the scale was smaller, everything appears to have been very much like what we have long been familiar with on such occasions. The buildings looked more or less like sheds, scarcely any department presented more than an outline of what it was going to look like, and very beautiful things were said as to the objects and prospects of the undertaking by an official speaker. To a country like Chili, however, it may be fairly said that an Exhibition is a very useful institution. It is a convenient method for a country really bent on making progress, and capable of progress, to take stock of what it has got in it, and of what it wants from abroad. There was no disguise about the Exhibition being a shop. Foreign merchants sent specimens of what they conceived Chilians might be induced to buy. This, when modestly acknowledged as being what it really is—a decent mode of advertising good articles—is a considerable benefit to a new country. If Chilians want to buy a piano, it must be at once instructive and convenient for them to escape from pianos made for the Chilean market, and to have samples of the best pianos that money can buy sent over once in a way to raise and fix their musical standard. To be able to compare the agricultural and mechanical implements of England and the United States is highly advantageous to people like the Chilians, who are working hard at farming and mining, and want to lose as little time and money as possible through defective tools. It appears that for the most part foreign merchants and manufacturers did not think it worth while to exhibit articles in their own names, but left all the glory to their agents. This was very wise. The object of sending goods to such a place as Santiago is not to get credit, or to obtain the lustre of Chilean decorations, but to show the Chilians what a good article is, and where to get it. A good piano-maker does not want to be praised by the Chilians, but to deal with them, and to persuade them to buy his good pianos, and not the bad pianos of some one else. The use of the Exhibition is to show the Chilians what good pianos are like, and where they may get them. It seems likely that in many ways the Chilians will have a good opportunity of improving their knowledge and taste. Art occupies no inconsiderable space on the walls or in the courts of the Santiago building, but unfortunately some of the best pictures expected did not arrive in time. No less than 200 Italian pictures were still unpacked when the day of opening arrived, and until they could be unpacked pictures of an inferior type were temporarily substituted. These must have been such pictures as could be easily procured on the spot, and probably represented the point of art reached by local artists, or which had hitherto satisfied Chilean purchasers. When the superior pictures are hung in the place assigned to them, spectators will be able to see clearly the difference between what they have bought and what they may buy. This is only an accidental circumstance, but if it had been contrived purposely nothing could have been more instructive. There seems much merit in the plan of first opening an Exhibition with things not worth buying, and then going on to show things really fit to be bought. The difference between the old and the new would be thus brought home to the mind, and visitors would be able to record for themselves their advance in cultivation and discernment.

Besides articles imported from abroad, the Santiago Exhibition contains copious specimens of native products. Collections have been made of all the different woods in which Chili, like all parts of South America, is singularly rich, and of the minerals the abundance and variety of which have done so much to make Chili rich. There may be some slight pecuniary use in such contributions being made, as, if it is known exactly what Chili can produce, capital may be attracted to the country in order to see what new things can be got out of it at a profit. But the chief use is to the Chilians themselves intellectually. As the PRESIDENT very truly said in his opening address, nations who by honest efforts have got on a certain way towards wealth and enlightenment gain if they from time to time take stock of what resources are at their command, what they have done, and what it remains for them to do, if each generation is to do all it can to earn prosperity. This is not an imaginary use of an Exhibition. Perhaps no great number of Chilians will display as much reflective sagacity in pondering over the future foreshadowed for Chili by the Exhibition as the PRESIDENT



anticipated would be generally exhibited. But there will be some who will see in the Exhibition something beyond a shop, and they will influence their neighbours. In one way it must strike most Chilians and most foreigners who hear of it as something very creditable to Chili. Even if it is looked on as a shop, the world of adventurous foreigners believes that it is worth while to set up a good shop in Chili. The Chilians have earned the position of being customers worth attending to. Their recent history is a remarkable one, for Chili is the one solitary spot in the present or ancient possessions of Spain which calls up thoughts almost altogether pleasant. Chili is rich, Chili is contented, Chili is hardworking, Chili is not the prey of adventurers. It is not distracted with internal quarrels, it has spent far the larger part of what it has borrowed on reproductive works, it provides with punctuality for the fulfilment of all its engagements. It seems scarcely possible at first that all these things should be said of a population Spanish by descent. But the Chilians are not much like their Spanish-American neighbours. They are physically and morally different. The first Spanish settlers in Chili are said to have been almost exclusively natives of the North of Spain, and to have been of a hardy and laborious race. The temperate climate of Chili too has done much to create and perpetuate a difference in favour of the inhabitants. The natural resources of the country have also done much for the Chilians. Their land is full of all sorts of minerals, and it can grow some of the best wheat in the world. But all the South American Republics have received splendid gifts from nature. It is in the men much more than in the soil that the superiority of Chili lies. The Chilians work, and are ready to make money by work. They give their thoughts to something else than jobs, and schemes of plunder, and hanging about one short-lived Government after another. The real test between one nation and another is whether it works or only schemes; and the Chilians work, and, working, thrive.

Latterly Chili has been fortunate in the men it has put at the head of its affairs, and the present PRESIDENT is well acquainted with Europe, and would in any country be thought fit to hold a conspicuous post. His speech at the opening of the Exhibition showed much power of thought and discretion in the choice of language; and he is efficiently supported by those with whom he has to deal in the prosecution of sound and sensible plans, and in an adherence to that mild and moderate Liberalism which is the key to prosperity in the modern world. Chili of course does not altogether escape the evil consequences of being a Spanish colony. The everlasting ecclesiastical difficulty presents itself there as in all Roman Catholic countries, and generations must pass by before any country over which the blight of the Inquisition has once passed can entirely recover health and peace. But the quarrel of the Chilians with the priests has not as yet assumed a violent form, and chiefly takes the shape of a determination on the part of the leading laity to insist on the spread of primary education. There is much fanaticism in the upper section of Chilian society, and it is only quite lately that there has been a majority in Congress willing to confront the priests, and to resolve on limits being put on the ecclesiastical power. It cannot, therefore, be expected that Chili should go on in an even path of perpetual progress; but at present it seems as if, without any real bitterness being excited, the nation had been set in the right direction and was likely to be kept in it. It is, however, very necessary that Chili should carefully observe and continually remember what are the causes which, apart from the evil influence of the superstitions of belief and the accompanying superstitions of unbelief, have kept the majority of the Spanish Republics backward, faltering, and miserable. The two chief of these causes are war and borrowing. From time to time it seems as if one after another of these Republics was on the eve of making a real start; but the hour of trial comes—there is war or there is borrowing—and the dawn of promise fades away. The PRESIDENT was most wisely urgent in his fervent recommendations to his countrymen to maintain peace, and these exhortations had more than a general bearing, as there has been lately a rather violent altercation between Chili and the Argentine States, about a piece of waste land in Patagonia. No waste land in Patagonia can be worth a war to either party, and the President of CHILI may be trusted to do all he can to make his countrymen

see this. If Chili will but keep out of borrowing—not only out of reckless borrowing, but out of borrowing except to an amount much under its resources—very few countries have a better future before them. Peru ought to serve as a warning to her. Peru, which a very few years ago had high credit and a moderate debt, is now deep down in the abyss of imminent insolvency, because it has listened to the voices of speculators who taught it the perilous pleasures of financing, in order that it might have a vast scheme of railways left unfinished, which were not in the least wanted, and could not possibly pay. The finances of Chili have been hitherto conducted in a way free from any reproach of this kind. Except the money borrowed eight or nine years ago for the war with Spain, her borrowings have been for public works, for the most part moderate in cost, useful to the public, and well carried out. Having been wise, all Chili has to do is to persist in wisdom. But it will be necessary to show firmness, and to resist those who propose that the future of the country should be mortgaged in order to carry out gigantic plans of premature improvement.

#### NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

PERHAPS, after all, people have been a little too hard on Mr. WARD HUNT. He has acknowledged that there may have been one or two blunders, and it might be pleaded in extenuation that public attention has been directed too exclusively to these gloomy points, and that sufficient allowance has not been made for other important questions which a First Lord has to consider, and which necessarily occupy a great deal of his time and thought. It is of course very desirable that a First Lord should be able occasionally to give a moment's reflection to such matters as the discipline of the navy, and the at once most destructive and invulnerable form of ships of war, but it is a great mistake to suppose that this is all that he has to think of. The navy is a complex organization, the strength and efficiency of which in some ways depends on what to the lay world may seem comparatively small and trivial matters in themselves, though, if their influence on the general character and spirit of the service is considered, their importance will be perceived. The Admiralty have got into trouble lately on a variety of subjects, but justice requires that it should be known that they have not invariably miscarried. We are glad to perceive that on at least one subject of vital interest to the navy they have arrived at a result on which they may be sincerely congratulated. It appears that the Admiralty, perhaps with a view of throwing into the shade the unfortunate Circular which has lately made so much noise, have issued another Circular on a point of perhaps more pressing and practical importance. The object of this document is to secure increased uniformity in the dress of naval officers. We gather that on one essential point this has hitherto, like the pace of a squadron in a fog, been left to the individual discretion of officers. Gloves are the subject which the Admiralty has undertaken to regulate, and it will at once be seen that this goes to the root of a philosophic scheme of naval discipline. One of the bright aspects of that happy event, the sinking of the *Vanguard*, is that it has flashed upon the mind of the Admiralty the importance of uniformity in operations at sea. Once get this principle firmly established in the moral consciousness of the navy, and it will no doubt be generally acted upon on any emergency. Now there cannot be a more effectual method of bringing this home to naval officers than by placing it continually under their eyes as the regulating principle of their own attire. An American writer has lately pointed out the advantage of having some central idea in costume, such as a crimson scarf, or a large brooch at the neck, up to which point the rest of the body should be dressed. Mr. HUNT, in order, it may be, to show that he is not so incapable as is supposed of appreciating foreign ingenuity, has adopted this theory in regard to naval uniform. The Admiralty have pitched upon gloves as their central point; and after long—we hardly know whether to say congestion or gestation—have at last finally arrived at a triumphant solution of the problem. It appears that hitherto all colours of gloves have been used in the navy according to the individual taste of the wearer; and taste, as we all know, varies infinitely. There are some people who think only of colour, and others who care for nothing but wear. There are some who think

a thick yellow dog-skin glove with black lines up the back the ideal of artistic *ganterie*. There are others for whom the white Berlin wool glove worn by our manly constables has its attractions; others, again, have a weakness for thread gloves; while another class prefer to keep their hands in their pockets. It is easy to imagine the anarchy which must have prevailed in the navy when every officer was left to do as he liked about his gloves. Naval officers are usually a very free and independent body of men, and there is perhaps no subject upon which they are so proud of displaying their independence as in matters of artistic taste. It occurred to Mr. HUNT and his colleagues that, though it might be difficult to say exactly what colour would be most suitable for the gloves of the navy, anything would be better than the distracting variety of tint which resulted from complete freedom of choice. Accordingly, it has now been decided that white gloves alone shall henceforth be permissible to naval officers in uniform. It might be suggested that the stoking functions to which the navy is now in a large degree reduced render white gloves somewhat unsuitable; but, after all, the Admiralty had to fix on some colour or other, and whatever they had chosen, they would never have pleased everybody. We are afraid, however, that one point has been overlooked, and that this Circular, like another one, may have to be suspended for revision, in order that specific orders may be given as to the material of the navy glove. By and by, too, we shall no doubt find that the comprehensive mind of the Admiralty has also grappled with the question of pocket-handkerchiefs, as to the colour of which we have ourselves observed a demoralizing want of uniformity in naval circles. In the meantime the best results may be expected in the *morale* of the service from this official recognition of uniformity as a first principle of duty.

We have perhaps said enough to account for Mr. HUNT not being able to give more than casual attention to such matters as the loss of the *Vanguard*, the erratic career of the *Alberta*, and other subjects which have acquired a spurious importance in the eyes of an ignorant public. Now that this great question has been disposed of, Mr. HUNT and his colleagues will have leisure to look about them, and it is not perhaps beyond hope that they may discover the true bearings of some recent disasters. In last Saturday's *Times* appeared an interesting paragraph which ran thus:—"The *Alberta*, Royal yacht, having completed 'the whole of her repairs, was floated out of dock at Portsmouth yesterday. All signs of the *Mistletoe* collision 'have been removed. Her gold rope moulding, shield 'figure-head, and the rose, thistle, and shamrock scroll-work on her bows have been renewed, and she has, in 'addition, received new funnels, a new bowsprit, and a 'new cut-water.' All this is very nice, and we can only wish that all other signs of the *Mistletoe* collision besides the scratches on the *Alberta* could be as easily disposed of. It is not stated in this paragraph whether the objectionable method of steering the *Alberta* from behind the funnel has been altered, but we gather from a previous announcement in the *Times* that the old system has been retained. It is not, however, with the *Alberta* in herself that much fault can be found, nor will a little fresh paint and gilding keep her out of danger if she continues to be managed as she has been. The most simple and natural way in which the Admiralty could "remove all signs of the *Mistletoe* collision" would be by taking such steps as would authoritatively determine whether the officers of that vessel are qualified for the position which they fill, and also whether they enjoy any exemption from the rules of navigation imposed on other craft. It is now some time since the accident happened, and nobody can doubt that, if it had been an ordinary case, there would at once, as a matter of course, have been a court-martial. In this instance, however, none has been summoned, although Prince LEININGEN and Captain WELCH both figure in the *Navy List* on the same footing as other officers. It was impossible of course that an inquest could be avoided, and, as it happened, two have been held. But an inquest, though a necessary form of judicial inquiry, is notoriously worthless for the purpose of giving a decisive judgment on such a question. Both the coroner's juries which have sat have failed, the one to deliver a rational verdict, the other to deliver any verdict at all. It is true that the Gosport jury are to have another chance at the Winchester Assizes in December, when they will have the advantage of Baron BRAMWELL'S guidance; but whatever may be their decision,

if they come to one, it will have very little weight one way or the other. What was wanted, and what the public will not be satisfied unless it gets, is a searching inquiry by a competent body; and we believe that, in spite of the discouragement given by the Admiralty to the honest outspokenness of the *Vanguard* court-martial, there would be no danger in trusting to the independence of a professional tribunal. The mere fact that a court-martial would be in the ordinary course of discipline renders it difficult to explain why one has not already been called. That in one form or another some such investigation must be held cannot be doubted, and it would be infinitely better for the Admiralty to do its duty with a good grace instead of waiting to be coerced by a Parliamentary vote. It is true that a secret inquiry into the cause of the collision has been held at the instance of the Board, but the result has not been made known. Since then the department has been busily engaged in buying off as cheaply as possible the claims for compensation, which would seem to imply that the culpability of the *Alberta* is tacitly admitted. This, however, is not enough. A very serious question is at stake as to the rule of the road at sea, and nothing can be more dangerous, or we may say disgraceful, than that it should be left in its present condition of uncertainty.

#### THE FLOODS.

IF the force of a lesson depends upon the frequency of its repetition, there is no excuse for us if we are not instructed by the floods which have been almost universal during the last ten days. It is the third experience of the kind that has been granted to us during the year 1875. There has been an excess of rain in July, an excess of rain in October, and an excess of rain in November. There must be thousands of persons now turned out of their houses, or imprisoned in them, who have already had to endure the same misfortune once, if not twice, since Midsummer. It is this recurrence which makes the floods of this year so much more destructive than the floods of any ordinary year; while at the same time it is this recurrence that excites a hope that this is the last time they will be allowed to work their will, we do not say without resistance—we may be reduced to that plight after all our efforts—but without inquiry whether resistance is possible. A flood a year, particularly if it comes in the winter, is too ordinary an event to be long remembered. But three floods in a year—two in the autumn and one in the summer—is a combination not likely to be forgotten in a hurry; not, at all events, it may be hoped, until the Government have learnt that the last word has not been spoken either on the question of how to get water or of how to get rid of it.

It is this latter difficulty that has been most brought home to us during the past week. So long as they have only rain to fear, Londoners are merely called upon to sympathize with the sufferings of others. But when wind and tide are in league, London is no better off than the country. A correspondent of the *Times* points out that only four million tons of water pass over Teddington weir in the twenty-four hours, while the amount of tidal water passing between London and Gravesend in the same time is upwards of a hundred million tons. Consequently, if the river above Teddington were swollen to twice or three times its ordinary bulk, it would make but a trifling addition to the great volume of water below. But when this great volume of water is itself acted upon by an unusually high tide in conjunction with an unusually strong westerly wind, the parts of London which lie along the unembanked shores of the Thames are as much exposed to a flood as Oxford or Windsor. On Monday morning the Thames, under these joint influences, rose higher than it has ever been known to rise before, and, except at the points where it is restrained by embankments, and those embankments are in good order, it poured over the land adjoining its course throughout the whole distance between Sheerness and Kew. It was merely a coincidence that London was thus reduced to the condition of so many other towns at the same time. The tidal flood and the rain flood might not have thus come together; but if they were to come at all it is perhaps as well that Londoners, who are exempt from the latter form of disaster, should be reminded of what was going on elsewhere by the contemporaneous invasion of a similar, though distinct, enemy. Along the banks of every considerable river in England,



and of many which in ordinary seasons hardly deserve to be called considerable, the same destruction has been wrought. If the capital had been spared, it might have served as an excuse for thinking no more about the matter. But the inhabitants of London do derive some advantage from the fact that Parliament sits in their midst. There are matters which get attended to when they affect London equally with other towns, though when they affect other towns and not London they run a great chance of being neglected. It is true the suffering which exists to-day in Southwark and Lambeth is due to a different cause from that which has produced the suffering in Oxford and Windsor. But the form the suffering takes is identical, and that is sufficient to make both a natural subject for a common inquiry.

No doubt before such an inquiry had gone more than a very little way it would be found that the problem presented by inland floods is far more difficult to deal with than the problem presented by tidal floods, or at all events by tidal floods as we know them in London. In London the prevention of mischief is simply a question of embankments. The north side of the Thames has lately been protected against the stream in some parts, and the south side in others; while along the lower course of the stream there are in various places embankments of long standing which only need to be repaired and kept in order. What has been done at intervals throughout the tidal course of the river could certainly be done along all the unprotected parts where the injury done to person and property by the floods is sufficient to make it worth while. In London itself, for example, there can be no question that it is worth while. The descriptions that may be read in all the newspapers of the misery caused by the flood of Monday morning ought to be sufficient to set at rest any doubts that may be felt on this point. There is a large waterside population along the south side of the Thames which is compelled by the conditions of its industry to live below high-water mark. Last year their homes were broken up by the sudden overflow of the river. This year they have been subjected to the same calamity, and it seems probable that they will only be saved from being subjected to it once more next month by the circumstance that the interval will not be long enough to enable them to set up housekeeping again. These people ought not to be left exposed to needless suffering of this sort. It is not merely the immediate misery of having their goods destroyed and their children deprived of shelter. Besides that, there is the want and disease and probable pauperism that await them during the coming winter. This last item in the account is of importance, as showing that the expenditure on a further embanking of the river, great as it might be, would not be altogether without an equivalent. Rate for rate, it is better to have to contribute to the expenses of the Metropolitan Board of Works than to the maintenance of workhouses. It is another reason for doing something to protect these districts against floods that their liability to them has probably been increased by the embankment of the opposite shore. It is a praiseworthy thing to spend millions on beautifying one side of the river, but we have no right to stop short and say we cannot afford to do any more when, as a consequence of doing so much, whole streets of poor houses are periodically laid under water.

When the tidal limit is passed the difficulty of dealing with floods increases. We must not trust, Mr. RAWLINSON tells us, to the storage of surplus water in reservoirs. After a heavy rainfall there is a larger amount of water in the rivers than can possibly be utilized, and this water must somehow be conveyed to the sea. Questions of storage are of incalculable importance from other points of view—in connexion, that is, with the supply of drinking water alike for human beings and for animals, and with the irrigation of land. More than this, efficient storage would lighten the burden of lesser floods, and so make the disasters we have lately experienced more completely exceptional. But they would be of no material service in a season such as the present, when the land is saturated with water which must be drawn off through the natural channels provided by the rivers. The problem in this case, therefore, is to ascertain to what extent the rivers can be made more capable of retaining the surplus water during its passage along their course. In one sense no doubt this, too, is a question of money. It would be possible to embank the Thames the whole way from Oxford to London. But, not to mention the extravagant

cost of such an undertaking, it would indirectly injure even the persons for whose benefit it would be designed, besides directly injuring a great number of other persons. To turn the Thames between these two points into a huge canal would be to destroy some of the most charming scenery in England. Year by year the banks of the Thames from Richmond upwards become better known, and each summer sees a greater throng of boats upon its waters. If the beauty which attracts so many people were destroyed, and the river ran its course through earthen walls, one of the greatest enjoyments open to the inhabitants of London, and of the towns and villages above, would be cut off, and the increasing population which lives by ministering to their enjoyment would be deprived of its occupation. There are other inland rivers of which the same thing might be said, though few of which it could be said with so much force. But if embankments are objectionable ordinarily, they are not objectionable universally; and besides embankments, much might be done in the way of deepening and clearing the course of the streams so as to enable the surplus water to escape more easily. At all events there is room enough and to spare for inquiry, and inquiry is all that any one has yet asked the Government to consent to.

#### ETON AND FELSTED.

THE peremptory dismissal of an Assistant-Master at Eton of fifteen years' standing, and the similar treatment of the Head-Master of Felsted Grammar School after twenty years' service, following as they do within a comparatively short time the removal of Dr. Hayman from Rugby, naturally raise an important question as to the spirit and temper in which our public schools are at present conducted. Nothing can be more deplorable in every way than the disclosures in regard to the domestic life of Eton which filled a page of the *Morning Post* of Wednesday last, and whoever is responsible for the scandal being brought before the public in this manner has certainly inflicted a serious blow on the character and prosperity of the school. It is impossible to imagine anything worse for the boys than that they should be allowed to witness the personal differences which prevail between their masters, and to hear the scarcely classical language in which, as it would appear, the Head-Master and an Assistant-Master discuss their relations with each other. It would as yet be premature to offer a confident opinion as to which side is in the right, and we shall be content merely to indicate the nature of the dispute. It appears, from a correspondence in which Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, Dr. Hornby, and Mr. Oscar Browning—the dismissed Master—all took part, that differences had arisen at various times between the Head-Master and Mr. Browning in the course of the last two years. In 1873 the Masters at Eton took upon themselves, without consulting the Governing Body, to demand extra fees to the amount of 12*l.* a year from the parents of pupils—an unwarrantable act which was sharply rebuked by the Governing Body, who, however, sanctioned an additional charge of 6*l.*, and directed that a circular to this effect should be sent to the parents. Mr. Browning was one of those who held—he now admits erroneously—that he had a right, as a Master, to make his own terms with parents; and, as he had already received the additional sum he demanded from most of those with whom he had to deal, he chose to disregard the orders of the Governing Body, and did not send out either the circular or any explanation of it. Afterwards, hearing that the Provost had expressed displeasure at the circular being thus suppressed, Mr. Browning sent it out. On this point some misunderstanding seems to have also occurred between Mr. Browning and the Head-Master, the latter being of opinion that Mr. Browning had not behaved in a candid and straightforward manner. Another subject on which it appears that the Head-Master was dissatisfied was the number of pupils in Mr. Browning's house. There is a rule that no Master shall have more than thirty-five boarders, except with special permission, and the number is in no case to exceed forty. Mr. Browning appears to have for some years enjoyed the maximum extension of this privilege; and indeed he states that early in the present year he had forty-two boarders in his house, and also six pupils outside. This led to some correspondence with the Governing Body, the result of which was that he was allowed to have forty-three pupils during the summer term, of whom forty were boarders in his house, and three collegers, on the understanding, however, that henceforth he was not to go beyond forty without fresh permission. It had been arranged that Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's eldest son should, on his tutor, Mr. Dupuis, quitting Eton, go to Mr. Browning, and Mr. Hugessen was also desirous that a younger son should be received into the same house. Dr. Hornby wrote to Mr. Hugessen that there would be no objection to this as long as the rules were observed; but he seems to have had a suspicion that Mr. Browning was endeavouring to push his claims too far, and to establish a dangerous precedent. Mr. Browning contends that he did not exceed his permitted number in accepting Mr. Hugessen's son; while Dr. Hornby appears to have thought, rightly or wrongly, either that he

had exceeded or was trying to do so. However this may be, the two had an interview, at which high words passed. Mr. Browning states that Dr. Hornby broke out upon him in this style:—"You are the greatest shuffler I have met; you shuffle in everything you do; your character is well known by the Governing Body. You neglect your work. Why don't you read Madvig's Latin Grammar? You lecture to ladies; you examine here and there; you give musical parties on Saturday evenings—why don't you stick to your work?" It is also alleged that Dr. Hornby expressed doubts of Mr. Browning's truthfulness. "Whether," says the latter, "Dr. Hornby actually used the words 'You are a liar,' I cannot positively affirm, though I have a strong impression that he did. That he used the word 'lie,' and that more than once, I most positively assert." Dr. Hornby does not admit this account of the conversation as correct, and gives a version of his own, to the effect that Mr. Browning charged him "with prejudice, unfairness, and constant persecution," and tried to justify "a breach of well-known rules" on the ground that some of his colleagues had broken them. Dr. Hornby then proceeds to state the case against Mr. Browning in the following terms, which we quote in full, as they contain his justification of the dismissal:—

I must remind you that, in your case, particular attention has been called to your violation of the rules last winter—that you had in consequence received a reprimand and very definite instructions in writing as to your future course. I believe that your colleagues will be found to have kept within the regulations; but if there has been any violation of them (and I shall at once proceed to investigate this) it cannot in any way justify what you have done. For two or three years hardly a school time has passed in which I have not been compelled to undertake the very painful task of calling you to account for neglect of work or violation of rules. I feel that I have carried forbearance in your case beyond the limit which I ought to have observed in strict duty to the school. I have done so because of the extreme gravity of dismissing a Master from Eton, especially one of your age and standing, and because I tried to indulge the hope that your conduct might yet be such as to make this extreme measure unnecessary. I feel, however, that, after recent events, and after our conversation of yesterday, it is not possible for me to feel that confidence in you which is absolutely necessary to our working together and to my entrusting you with the important duties which belong to an Eton Master. I must therefore give you notice that your mastership will terminate at the end of this school time.—Yours sincerely,

J. J. HORNBY.

By the Public Schools Act of 1868 the Head-Master is appointed and holds office at the pleasure of the Governing Body, while all the other Masters hold office at the Head-Master's pleasure, without any appeal whatever. It is clear, therefore, that by the letter of the law a Head-Master may dismiss a subordinate at his own discretion without giving any reasons for it; and it is in any case ridiculous, in the face of the published correspondence, to pretend, as Mr. Browning and Mr. Huggessen do, that Dr. Hornby refuses to give any explanation of the grounds on which he has acted. To most persons his letter of the 16th September, which we have quoted, will seem sufficiently explicit. Dr. Hornby and Mr. Browning, it is clear, did not get on well together. Mr. Browning appears to have views of his own as to education, and Dr. Hornby thought he was loose and careless in his special duties, and gave too much time to other things. Dr. Hornby was, therefore, not satisfied with his way of doing his work; he also found him, as he believed, evasive and slippery, and continually trying to establish pretensions to a sort of personal proprietary interest in the school—which is, above all, what both the Head-Master and the Governing Body are especially bound to guard against, and which the presumptuous conduct of the Masters in 1873 had shown to be a serious danger—and to order matters so as to suit his own private convenience. We cannot pretend to say how far this estimate was a just one, but there is no reason to doubt that Dr. Hornby honestly believed in its soundness; and as he had the absolute power of dismissing a subordinate, he naturally availed himself of that power to put an end to a state of things which he deemed injurious to the establishment. The Act of 1868 allows of no appeal in such a case to the Governing Body, but it is contended by Mr. Browning that his appointment is of prior date to that of the Act, and that he has a vested interest which gives him a right of appeal. This is a question of law on which we will not hazard an opinion, but, unless Mr. Browning occupied an exceptional position, the Head-Master had full power to dismiss him. All the evidence which was taken before the Public Schools Commissioners went to show in the most decisive manner the necessity of making the Head-Master personally responsible for the working of the school, and investing him with absolute authority over his subordinates. The two things cannot be separated, and though, no doubt, the autocratic system is apt to be attended with serious disadvantages, these are as nothing compared with the evils which would otherwise arise. In the present instance, although the Governing Body of Eton may not have had the power to reinstate Mr. Browning under Dr. Hornby, they had a right to inquire into Dr. Hornby's conduct, and they did not neglect to do so. With the various statements and memorials before them, they decided that there was no ground for action on their part. It would appear, therefore, that on this question the Head-Master, though entitled to act for himself, has the approval of the Governing Body; and it is certainly difficult for any one outside the school, who has not equally good opportunities of knowing all the facts, to question their decision. It is acknowledged by Dr. Hornby that it was the warm interview with Mr. Browning which brought matters finally to a crisis, but he had already formed doubts of the Assistant-Master which rendered anything like confidence between them impossible. It may be thought that Dr. Hornby ought to have acted on this conviction when it first forced itself

on his mind, and we may here perhaps perceive some trace of the weakness which was observable in the Moody and Sankey business. The testimonials which Mr. Browning has printed show that he has many friends, but the despairing tone in which some of them speak of his loss to the school, as if no such teacher could ever be found again, is obviously exaggerated and unjust to the rest of the staff.

We now come to the other case of the dismissal of Mr. Grignon, the Head-Master of Felsted Grammar School. In this instance only one version of the transaction has been published, and that is Mr. Grignon's, the Governing Body and the Bishop, who is Visitor, having maintained a close and persistent silence. Under these circumstances we can only take such evidence as there is, and, making allowance for its one-sided character, see what it comes to. Mr. Grignon has been for some twenty years Head-Master of the Grammar School, and until two years ago appears to have always been on good terms with the Trustees. He devoted himself with zeal and untiring assiduity to raising the standard of the school, which when he came was very low; he increased the number of boys from 67 to 216, and won for the place a good reputation at the Universities; and all this he did for a modest salary of not more than 600*l.* a year. For eighteen years everything went on smoothly and prosperously, and the Trustees had apparently every reason to be satisfied with their Head-Master. The school is an old school, revived after abeyance by a scheme prepared in the Court of Chancery; and one of the rules as to the Trustees is that there shall be eleven in all, of whom five shall be a quorum. It happened that in 1873 the eleven had dropped to five, and the vacancies were not filled up, as the school was under the consideration of the Charity Commissioners. In this way the five acquired the power of doing what they liked, and appear to have used it in a spirit by no means friendly to the Head-Master. An Assistant-Master, in consequence of a difference with Mr. Grignon, published a letter accusing him of having been brought home helplessly drunk from a cricket-match. This went before the Trustees, who apparently thought the charge too groundless and flimsy to require investigation. They were disposed, however, to let the offender go quietly, and asked Mr. Grignon to give him a certificate of good character. Mr. Grignon declined to do so, and though the Trustees ultimately found that they could not evade the—as they call it—"painful necessity" of suggesting to the Assistant-Master "the expediency of tendering his resignation," they at the same time passed a resolution in which, while refusing to "exonerate Mr. Grignon from blame," as there had been a want of harmony between him and his subordinates, "they did not consider that any case had been made out for his (Mr. Grignon's) dismissal." That is to say, Mr. Grignon was blamed for not maintaining harmonious relations with a person who had wantonly slandered him, and was graciously forgiven only because the Trustees could not find anything serious against him. About this time a change took place in the management of the school. Hitherto the Head-Master had discharged, in addition to his own functions, those of House-Steward, but he now resigned the latter, and the clerk of the Trustees was appointed to the vacant office. It is evident that administrative work of this kind, upon which the comfort and health of the inmates constantly depend, requires close personal supervision; but the clerk lived some six miles away from the School, and visited it only casually, not more than about once in three weeks. It is not difficult to understand that commissariat and other domestic arrangements managed in this fitful and indifferent manner should produce complaints. Questions were continually arising as to the diet, care, and nursing of the boys, and the Head-Master naturally sided with his pupils, as indeed he was bound to do. By the terms of the scheme, the House-Steward is required to be "subordinate and obedient to the Head-Master," who of course must always be the supreme resident authority, and whose duty was indeed specifically prescribed to be to see that "the wants of the boys were well and sufficiently provided for." The Trustees, however, appear to have disregarded this principle, and to have snubbed the Head-Master for his complaints of the neglect of the Steward. Moreover, the Trustees resolved to reduce the numbers of the School—which of course affected the Master pecuniarily—without giving him any hint of it till after they had made up their minds on the subject; and finally dismissed him without warning. It will be seen that, if this account is true—and, though it has not been admitted to be true, at least it has not been challenged in any particular—Mr. Grignon was very unfairly treated. He had done good work for the School, and his eighteen years of arduous and successful service before any differences arose entitled him to some gratitude and consideration. Yet, when he was treacherously attacked by a subordinate who completely failed to prove his disgraceful charges, the Trustees endeavoured to make things pleasant for the backbiter, and to cast a stigma on the injured man whom they ought upon every ground to have supported and defended. The Trustees also overthrew the rule which placed the House-Steward in his natural position below the Head-Master. Moreover, the permitted absence of the new House-Steward lends apparent confirmation to the complaints of bad food, careless nursing, and other sanitary defects. The formal reference of the resolution to cut down the school for the Head-Master's opinion plainly implies the existence of a right which had practically been violated. So far the Trustees appear to have been as steadily and consistently in the wrong as if they had been a Papal Congregation; but there is another aspect of the case which must not be overlooked. Mr. Grignon's friends in their letter of the 12th in the *Times* give the following



summary of the rupture between him and the Governing Body:—"Mr. Grignon found he could not do his duty as a schoolmaster under the arrangements introduced by the Trustees. He vainly endeavoured to induce them to alter these. On their refusing he did what, in our opinion"—this is the opinion of a number of Head-Masters and other scholastic authorities—"was his simple duty; he put the case before the parents who had entrusted him with the education and health of their boys, and to whom of course he was responsible for their well-being. For this the Trustees dismissed him, and the Bishop, without hearing him, confirmed their sentence." It is hardly worth while to criticize the phraseology of this paragraph minutely, otherwise it might be said that the parents did not entrust their children directly to the Head-Master, but rather to the Trustees, who are in the first instance responsible for the Head-Master, as he is in turn responsible for his own subordinates. The weak point of this statement, however, is that in which it is said that Mr. Grignon did only his "simple duty." That Mr. Grignon, as an honourable and conscientious man, with a keen interest in the welfare of his charges, was not only entitled, but bound, to remonstrate against arrangements which were hurtful to the pupils, will readily be admitted, and his courage must receive the admiration it deserves. We have lately had at Uppingham a terrible illustration of what may happen from the ignorance or carelessness of the heads of such an institution; and a Head-Master who fails to give timely warning of any danger to which his boys may be exposed is clearly neglecting his duty. But then there are reciprocal obligations between a Head-Master and Trustees; and Mr. Grignon seems, in the heat of his very natural indignation, to have somewhat forgotten that there is a decorous and an indecorous way of making representations to a superior. We gather from his own pamphlet that he publicly proclaimed his "contempt" for the Trustees, and charged them with "selfish," "evasive," "colourable, and insincere" conduct, and even told the parents in a circular that he had given up the stewardship in order to "minimize his communications with these men." It is of course impossible that any one should tolerate such vituperation from a subordinate. Mr. Grignon, in fact, seems to have failed to perceive that he had broken into open war with the Governing Body, and that he had no right to use his official position as a platform for attacks on his employers. His indignation, just and natural in itself, betrayed his discretion; and, though this is not so serious an offence as to be a set-off against twenty years' useful work, it necessarily put an end to argument for the time. It seems to be doubtful whether the Visitor, the Bishop of Rochester, had a right to do more than say Yes or No to the question whether the Head-Master should go; but it may be supposed that an arbiter originally selected on account of his high official position might, even without direct or ostentatious interference, have done much to place the controversy on the footing of possible argument. The Bishop may have felt a difficulty in compelling the Trustees to retain a Head-Master who had personally insulted them, and held them up to public contempt; but a timely hint to Mr. Grignon to retire from a false position might have prevented a painful scandal. The Trustees are not bumpkins, but men of education and position, and though they apparently failed to appreciate fully Mr. Grignon's services to the school, yet, if he had withdrawn his offensive expressions, they might have been induced to forget them, and to patch up a peace, especially as their existence is limited by the time required by the Charity Commissioners to prepare a new scheme.

Both in this case and in that at Eton, a distinction must be drawn between legal authority and a discreet exercise of it. It would, we suspect, be dangerous to break down the absolute power of Governing Bodies on the one hand, and of Head-Masters on the other, by placing them under troublesome restrictions; but at the same time it was certainly never intended that these powers should be used in a harsh and oppressive manner. Perhaps all that can be done in such cases is to trust to the influence of public opinion, acting on men of high standing and character occupying a responsible public position.

#### TRIESTE.

AS a rule, it is not in the great commercial cities of Europe that we are to look for the choicest or the most plentiful remains of antiquity. Sometimes the cities themselves are of modern foundation; in other cases the cities themselves, as habitations of men and seats of commerce, are of the hoariest antiquity, but the remains of their early days have perished through their very prosperity. Massalia, with her long history, with her double wreath of freedom, is bare of monuments of her early days. She has been the victim of her abiding good fortune. We can look down from the height on the Phœcean harbour; but for actual memorials of the men who fled from the Persian, of the men who defied the Roman and the Angevin, we might look as well at Liverpool or at Havre. Genoa and Venice are hardly real exceptions; they were indeed commercial cities, but they were ruling cities also, and, as ruling cities, they reared monuments which could hardly pass away. What are we to say to the modern rival of Venice, to the city which in later days has drawn away the commerce of the Queen of the Adriatic, though to be sure it is whispered that signs are not wanting that things are beginning to go back to their older state? Tergeste, Trieste, at the head of her gulf, with the hills sloping down to her haven, with the

snowy mountains which seem to guard the approach from the other side of her inland sea, with her harbour full of the ships of every nation, her streets echoing with every tongue, is she to be reckoned as an example of the rule or an exception to it?

No city at first sight seems more thoroughly modern; old town and new, wide streets and narrow, we search them in vain for any of those vestiges of past times which in some cities meet us at every step. Compare Trieste with Ancona; we miss the arch of Trajan on the haven; we miss the cupola of St. Cyriacus soaring in triumph above the triumphal monument of the heathen. We pass through the stately streets of the newer town and thread the steep ascents which lead us to the older town above, and—strange in a city which is Italian in all but political allegiance—we nowhere light on any of those little scraps of ornamental architecture, a window, a doorway, a column, which meet us at every step in many of the cities of Italy. Yet the monumental wealth of Trieste is all but equal to the monumental wealth of Ancona. At Ancona we have the cathedral church and the triumphal arch; so we have at Trieste; though at Trieste we have nothing to set against the grand front of the lower and smaller church of Ancona. But at Ancona arch and *duomo* both stand out before all eyes; at Trieste both have to be looked for. The church of St. Justus at Trieste crowns the hill as well as the church of St. Cyriacus at Ancona; but it does not in the same way proclaim its presence. The castle, with its ugly modern fortifications, rises again above it; and the *duomo* of Trieste, with its shapeless outline and its low, heavy, unsightly campanile, does not catch the eye like the Greek cross and cupola of Ancona. The arch again at Trieste could never, in its best days, have been a rival to the arch at Ancona, and now either we have to hunt it out by an effort, or else it comes upon us suddenly, standing, as it does, at the head of a mean street on the ascent to the upper town. Of a truth it cannot compete with Ancona or Rimini, with Orange or Aosta. But the *duomo*, utterly unsightly as it is in a general view, puts on quite a new character when we first see the remains of pagan times imprisoned in the lower steps of the heavy campanile, still more when we take our first glance of its wonderful interior. At the first glimpse we see that here there is a mystery to be unravelled, and as we gradually find the clue to the marvellous changes which it has undergone, we feel that outside show is not everything, and that, in point both of antiquity and of interest, though not of actual beauty, the double basilica of Trieste may claim no mean place among buildings of its own type. Even after the glories of Rome and Ravenna, the Tergestine church may be studied with no small pleasure and profit, as an example of a kind of transformation of which neither Rome nor Ravenna can supply another example.

Whatever was the first origin of Tergeste, whoever, among the varied and perplexing inhabitants of this corner of the Adriatic coast, were the first to pitch on the spot for a dwelling-place of man, it is plain that it ranks among the cities which have grown up out of hill-forts. Trieste in this affords a marked contrast to Marseilles, as it supplies a marked analogy to Cumæ and Ancona. The site of the Phœcean settlement marks a distinct advance in civilization. The *castellieri*, the primitive forts, in the neighbouring land of Istria, were, according to Captain Burton, often made into places of Roman occupation, and something of the same kind may have been the case with Tergeste itself. The position of the cathedral church, occupying the site of the capitol of the Roman colony, alone shows that Tergeste was thoroughly a hill city. It has spread itself downwards, like so many others, though this time, not into the plain, but to the sea. Standing on the borderland of Italy and Illyria, its destiny has been peculiar. It formed, it is needless to say, part of the dominion of Theodoric and of the recovered Empire of Justinian; but it never came under the rule of Lombard. Its allegiance to the lords of Constantinople and Ravenna, lords whose practical power in this region is shown in the foundation of the Istrian Justinopolis, lasted unshaken till the Frank conquest, when Tergeste became part of the Italian kingdom of the Karlings. From that time to the fourteenth century, its history is the common history of an Italian city. It is sometimes a free commonwealth, sometimes subject to, or claimed by, the Patriarch of Aquileia or the Republic of Venice. By the treaty of Turin in 1381 the independence of the commonwealth of Trieste was formally acknowledged by all the contending powers. The next year the liberated city took the seemingly strange step of submitting itself to the lordship of a foreign prince. Leopold, Duke of Austria, he who died at Sempach, was received by a solemn act as Lord of Trieste, and that lordship passed on to the Dukes, Archdukes, Kings, and Emperors of his house, as from them to their Lotharingian successors. The lordship was of course at first only an overlordship, and the Council and Commons of Trieste still continued to act as a separate commonwealth. But a union of this kind is one of those fatal partnerships between the stronger and the weaker which can lead only to bondage. Trieste, Italian in speech, has ever since remained Austrian in allegiance, save during the chaos of the days of the elder Buonaparte. Those days are commemorated by an inscription on the *duomo*, which tells of the expulsion of the French from the castle by an allied force, whose name of "Austro-Angli" might almost suggest some unrecorded tribe in our own island.

It is certainly hard to conceive a building more uninviting without than the cathedral church of St. Justus. But Socrates was not to be judged by his outside, neither is the *duomo* of Trieste. A broad and almost shapeless west front is flanked by a

low, heavy tower, neither standing detached as a campanile, as it should in Italy, nor yet worked into the church as it would be in England or Germany, but standing forward in a kind of Scotch fashion, like Dunkeld. The only architectural feature seems to be a large wheel window, which it would be unfair to compare to that of St. Zeno. But the next moment will show, built in at the angle of the church and the tower, a noble fluted column with its half defaced Corinthian capital, which is enough to show what has been. We are carried back to Rome, to Sta. Maria in Cosmedin and San Niccolò in Carcere, as we trace out in the lower stage of the tower the remains of the temple of Jupiter which has given way to the church of Justus. Imbedded in its walls are pilasters, columns, and their basement, showing that Jupiter of Tergeste must have lifted up his pillared portico above the sea as proudly as Aphrodite of the Doric Ankon. Fragments of entablatures, trophies, sepulchral monuments, are built up in the wall. The western doorway of the church is made out of a huge tomb of the Barbii—a gens whom we do not elsewhere remember—deliberately cut in two, and set up the wrong way. The building or rebuilding of the tower in 1337 is commemorated by an inscription in letters of that date, "Gothic" letters, as some call them, out of a mutilated part of which the earlier Tergestine antiquaries spelled out that the tower was rebuilt in 556, after a destruction by the Goths. As the letters .LVM.. were enough to create the new saint Philumena, the letters .OT... could easily be filled up into "a Gothis eversa"—quite evidence enough to lead an Italian to lay the destroying deeds of his own forefathers on the Gothic preservers of the works of the elder day.

As soon as we pass the doorway with the heads of the Barbii on either side, we forget the wrongs alike of Jupiter and of the Goths. The wonderful interior of the double basilica opens upon us. The first feeling is simple puzzlement. A nave of vast width seems to be flanked by two ranges of columns on either side, columns varying even more than is usual in their height and in the width of the arches which they support. When we look within the two lateral ranges, we are not surprised to find each ending in an apse with a noble mosaic; we are surprised to find the southern range interrupted by a cupola. This last phenomenon will perhaps help us to the explanation of the whole mystery. The church is in fact two basilicas thrown into one. When they were distinct, they must have stood even nearer than the old and new minsters at Winchester; indeed a plan in a local work shows, with every probability, their walls as actually touching in one point. The northern church was a basilica of the ordinary type, made up of columns—some of them of very fine marble—put together, as usual, without much regard to uniformity. All bear Corinthian capitals of different degrees of debasement, and all carry the Ravenna stilt in a rude form without the cross. The wall rose high above the arcade, and was pierced with a range of narrow clerestory windows, but with nothing else to relieve its blankness. This church the Tergestine antiquaries attribute, but, as far as we can see, without any direct evidence, to the reign of Theodosius. The southern church is, in its original parts, the same in style as the northern, but it is much smaller and quite different in plan. It was a small cross church, with a central cupola, and its north transept seems to have touched the south aisle of its northern neighbour. This church—perhaps on the strength of the cupola, for no direct evidence seems forthcoming—is assigned to the reign of Justinian. But there is nothing Byzantine in the capitals; where the original ones remain, they are of the same rude Corinthian character as those in the northern church, with the same stilt, and under the cupola with a bit or two of entablature built up again. But the building went through much greater changes than the northern church in order to throw the two into one whole. The date of this change seems to be fixed by a consecration recorded in the local annals in 1262. The south aisle of the northern church, the north aisle and north transept of the southern one, were pulled down, and the space which they had covered was roofed in to form the nave of the united building, while both the earlier basilicas sank into the position of its aisles. To the northern church this involved no change beyond the disappearance of its south aisle and the blocking of its clerestory; the smaller church to the south had to suffer far more. It had to be raised and lengthened; a quadrangular pier on the south side marks the original length, and the increase of height of course destroys the proper position of the cupola. Then, as the cupola of course rested on columns with wider arches, its northern arch was filled up with two smaller arches and an inserted column, so as to make something like a continuous range. Still, late in the thirteenth century, they again used up the old marble columns; but they now used a flat capital, by which the change of this time may be distinguished from the genuine basilican work.

Probably no church anywhere has undergone a more singular change than this. It is so puzzling at first sight; but, when the key is once caught, the signs of each alteration are so easily seen. The other ancient relic at Trieste is a small arch, which seems to have been a triumphal arch and not a city gate, as it is equally finished on both sides. On one side it keeps its Corinthian pilasters; on the other they are imbedded in a house. The arch is in a certain sense double; but the two are close together and touch in the keystone. The clearly Roman date of this arch cannot be doubted; but legends connect it both with Charles the Great and with Richard of Poitou and of England, about whom Tergestine fancy has been very busy. The popular name of the arch is *Arco Riccardo*.

Such are all the remains that the antiquary will find in Trieste;

not much in point of number; but, in the case of the *duomo* at least, of surpassing interest in its own way. But the true merit of Trieste is not in anything that it has in itself, its church, its arch, its noble site. Placed there at the head of the gulf, on the borders of two great portions of the Empire, it leads to the land which produced that line of famous Illyrian Emperors who for a while checked the advance of our own race in the world's history, and it leads specially to the chosen home of the greatest among them. The chief glory of Trieste, after all, is that it is the way to Spalato.

#### YOUNG-LADY CHURCH DECORATORS.

"THE Church was tastefully decorated . . . by the skilful hands of the young ladies of the parish, assisted by the Curate." This statement, resting as it does on the authority of "the oldest newspaper in the United Kingdom," may be accepted by the future ecclesiastical historian as a genuine record of fact; and as our venerable contemporary has been a zealous and consistent champion of the Established Church since the days of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory," when first he buckled on his armour, he may perhaps be pardoned for letting his orthodoxy get the better of his chivalry, and for honouring the "Curate" with a capital letter while the "young ladies" have to content themselves with small type. The incident itself belongs to a distinctly marked historical period through which we are at present passing. Of its probable course or possible termination no scientific conjecture can as yet be safely hazarded. The phenomenon itself is due to what is called, we believe, mathematically a composition of forces. Young ladies and curates being brought together, the resultant is church decorations. In the absence of exact data it is impossible to fix precisely the first appearance of the phenomena of these decorations in their present form. They seem to have become visible at intervals under cloudy and somewhat tempestuous atmospherical conditions. But the evidence afforded by a recent novel enables us to discover them at least twenty-five years ago in the exact form now so familiar to our experience; at which time they were represented as of ordinary occurrence, and already of some standing even in a parish and a church administered in the sleepy old pluralistic and non-resident fashion of past Hanoverian days. The locality is definitely fixed as on the Northumbrian sea-board; whence, it may be concluded, conditions previously unknown elsewhere gradually extended themselves throughout the kingdom, just as a more serious visitation had done, issuing from north-eastern seaports, in the preceding generation. In this church, too, a painted window of unknown date existed, which bore the figure of St. Monica, and was made to open; the memories of mediæval art thus harmoniously blending with the principles of sanitary science at a time when, throughout England for the most part, the Puritans had made short work with the one, and churchwardens had not found out the other. In this peaceful spot, where still mankind had its troubles, and serpents lurked, if not in the grass, yet beneath the cushions of the pews, it was the most natural thing in the world that a touching little scene should create itself, which may be described briefly as follows, the time being the Christmas of either 1849 or 1850:—The Church is strewn with holly wreaths, crimson cloth, devices, borders of ivy-leaves, letters, and litter generally, in the midst of which wander the usual young ladies, including the bad heroine with a bruised finger—an ordinary casualty of the nail and hammer business—which she expects somebody to kiss. Her disappointment in this natural expectation leads up to the disclosure of an artistically arranged group in the vestry whose sense of calm enjoyment in the present, intensified by trustful hope in a not far distant future, is charmingly indicated by the brew of mulled claret—a luxury, it must be remembered, in that pre-Gladstonian era—which is nearly ready on the fire. The central figure of the group is of course the Curate. On one side is the good angel of his life; not much over thirty, it is true, but mature and venerable otherwise; while to his left stands the "queenly" or good heroine, who is nineteen, and whose fair face is suffused with a glow "not caused entirely by the reflection of the vestry fire," but very becoming under the circumstances; for the Curate's hand is upon her shoulder, and the bad angel is standing visible to her alone in the half-open doorway.

All this rubbish may be as untrue a presentation of actual life as it is chronologically incoherent and grotesque; but after all it is "founded on facts" now existing, as all young people and most elderly ones are tolerably well aware. Pillars are lofty, and the keystone of a middle-pointed arch—which must of necessity be wreathed—rests often at a giddy height from the ground. The work of fair hands is resultless and incomplete, and a long day's labour is marred and thrown away, only that the evening comes and brings "our brothers" home. There is so sweet an atmosphere of domestic harmony and of the mutual helpfulness of strength and grace around this home-coming of "our brothers" when "decorations" are about, that it seems hard if practical and unsympathetic fathers break the charm, as they are apt to do sometimes, by interposing with the "Mind your pronouns" of the surly old Greek professor. Instances have even been known in which materialistic opinions have so obscured the verities of high art as to find expression in the harsh domestic law:—"My daughters do not help in decorations. Flirting may be all very well in its way; but a church is not exactly the right place for it, I think." Such instances, however, are rare; and, on the whole, no domestic



hindrance stands in the way of the British maiden as she seeks to escape all risk of the traditional "mischief" attendant on "idle hands," and sets her "hands" instead to "works of labour and of skill" in decorations, "with the assistance of the Curate." But curates are scarce; and where they are found they are not usually gregarious. The appearance of a solitary curate may correspond to that of a solitary magpie, and he may be only the harbinger of sorrow. He is seldom eligible; and even where he has expectations, among many young ladies he is but one. He can be depended upon with tolerable certainty to carry and to mount the decorative ladder; but "our brothers," even though they may be available, too often prove faithless, are wanting in the proper æsthetic reverence, and pronounce the ladder-carrying process a bore. Female ingenuity is accordingly called into requisition; and it is never at fault. Brothers, at any rate in the country and in well-regulated households, may be depended upon to come to church on Sundays; and brothers, or cousins, who are included in the term, may probably bring a certain percentage of friends, especially in the three recognized vacations, at Christmas, Easter, and "the Long." Then, as sermons are occasionally dull, as hymn-books vary, and visitors may have brought the wrong one, or none at all, eyes will wander, and the graceful and heart-subduing effect of flower or wreath, of fern and moss, upon lectern or font, window, pulpit, or screen, may fix the desultory gaze. The eye may speak to the soul, and the soul may turn from the church to the home by a very natural transition; for does not the "altar"—we use the word in a strictly Protestant and authorized sense—supply the middle term? The skilful fingers which out of such simple material have fashioned such forms of loveliness—what enchantments might they not work even on the dull surroundings of a London lodging, or on the commonplace respectabilities of a suburban villa! But whose fingers? The British maiden has shown herself equal to the occasion, and replies with cheerful alacrity, "My fingers, of course; didn't you see it in the county paper yesterday?" Not that she is so far wanting in tact as to put her rejoinder into any such definite phrase. Her eyes are bent upon the musical lines in her hymn-book with the most innocent demureness. She never glances at the work of her hands in wreath or monogram, or snatches a furtive survey to show her whether other eyes are bent upon it. She has woven her snares, she has laid her guiding lines, and she bides her time. Is it not written in *Journal and Herald* and *Chronicle*—she does not lift her thoughts to the *Guardian*, and doubts indeed whether it would pay—that "the decoration of the font had been entrusted to Miss A.—, and that of the lectern to Miss B.—, while the graceful wreathing of the pulpit was due to the taste of Miss C.—, and the lovely effect of the windows in the south aisle reflected the highest credit on the artistic perceptions of the Misses Constance and Ellen D.—," and so on through all the architectural index of the building and its accessories? She smiles with a quiet consciousness of superiority at the clumsy tactics of her ancestress in the days of Queen Anne. Mistress Jenny Simper weakly submitted to be checkmated by the parish clerk in her designs upon Sir Anthony Love; but her descendant in the days of Queen Victoria finds no need of the counsel of the *Spectator*; she has superseded Mr. Francis Sternhold; she has taken into her own hands the disposal of the "greens," and if by chance she has failed in her original plan for making Sir Anthony her slave in their arrangement, she relies on her own skilful hands to twine them into so many snares for his ultimate capture. She watches the signs of the times, and takes care to let slip no opportunity which they may give for carrying out her purpose. With this view she has availed herself with an eager providence of the opening which in recent years the Harvest Festival has been found to afford. Christmas was in her hands by universal tradition, and Easter and Whitsuntide had their local customs of decorative observance which it was easy to adopt and extend; but in the long monotonous course of the Sundays after Trinity there was no practicable break or opening for festal decoration apparent till the parochial Harvest-home celebration burst into being under the shelter of the Malvern Hills, and Pull Court succeeded where Henry VIII. with Convocation at his back had failed, in establishing a great ecclesiastical festival throughout the realm about the beginning of October. The capabilities of the occasion are obvious, and the modern young lady rises to them. The Long Vacation, in its dying light, has still at that season some days to run; the general holiday-time for busy men is not over, and the inconvenient boy-world is safely back at school. No wonder that she is encouraged to put forth all her energies, "assisted" as they are "by the Curate" and sustained by the county paper. Yet it would be doing her a grievous injustice to associate her zeal for decorations with merely personal and selfish ends. She brightens her neighbourhood with her pretty handiwork just as she does by looking nice herself, whatever may be in either case her immediate aim. Her beneficent energy brings gladness to the heart even of that type of resourceless poverty, the church mouse. Formerly, his one festival season in the year was at Christmas, when his little heaps of seeds and skins hidden away in dark corners of pews or obscure recesses of a three-decker told of the miserly care with which he tried to make his store of berries last. Now he rejoices in autumn also with his kinsfolk of the barn. "I don't rightly think as them be mice, sir," was the utterance, after grave thought, of an ancient parish clerk to the new rector from London, perplexed by certain traces of intruders (which turned out to be bats); "for why, the mice ben't used to come till after the harvest thanksgiving, but they always comes then."

It may be objected that the decorating handmaidens of the Anglican establishment, in carrying out the principle of the division of labour as we have above described, are in fact advertising the treasures of their skilful hands, if not of some disposable hearts as well. Certainly the periodical hail of paragraphs in local papers may be thus unkindly represented, and pulpit, font, or lectern, with Miss A.'s and Miss B.'s respective "windows in the chancel," may assume the character of the stalls in a charity bazaar, each with its bright owner presiding for the fascination and entanglement of passers-by. Perhaps, too, the rivalries and jealousies of the fair stall-keepers may be attributed to their ecclesiastical sisters, as a greater or smaller meed of public admiration may be awarded to one or another portion of their work. And perhaps, therefore, it might be just as well if their names did not appear in the papers. The peculiar share of each labourer might indeed be whispered in confidence to specially favoured friends, and the faded decoration might thus come to be treasured as a priceless relic, instead of being ruthlessly consigned to the fire or the dustman. The "old songs" might live again with new meanings. "Give that Wreath to Me when the Roses Die" would adapt itself in a charming combination of the ascetic and the tender to the wreath of holly worn next the heart, as it united the constant memorial of an unalterable devotion with the practical discipline of a hair-shirt.

#### UNIVERSITY DISCIPLINE.

THERE has been a great disturbance at Cambridge. The Mayor has been insulted; the harmony between the town and the University has been disturbed; the local papers are full of indignant letters; and virtuous correspondents are beginning to inquire whether our civilization is not a failure, and the Caucasian pretty nearly "played out." The hubbub has been produced by a very simple cause. A number of undergraduates were involved in a disgraceful disturbance at a promenade concert. When they were brought before the magistrates there was the usual conflict of evidence. No two units of an excited crowd will ever give the same narrative of events, even if they intend to be perfectly candid and impartial. According to one set of witnesses the undergraduates began dancing, or, as it is elegantly expressed, "jigging about"; they grew more and more noisy; frightened ladies, used bad language, pushed and struggled, resisted the police, and generally behaved like a pack of drunken schoolboys. Other witnesses averred that a little pressure was caused by the entrance of the Mayor and Corporation; that, if a little playful badinage and some partial confusion ensued, everything might have ended peaceably except for the police. These officials appear to have arbitrarily seized a number of unoffending youths, each of whom had been behaving with the grace of a Chesterfield, and was known to his tutor as a model of orderly and inoffensive conduct. If any persons forgot themselves, it was either the police or some one who unfortunately escaped detection. There is nothing at all surprising in the difference between these accounts. The magistrates, if we may judge from their decision, considered that on the whole the first set of witnesses came nearest to the truth. They fined several young gentlemen, and held out suggestions of more severe penalties on some future occasion. We may perhaps take it for granted that somebody did something disgraceful. If the audience at the promenade concert had really been composed of model young gentlemen, a little pressure or confusion would not have set up a riot. No large party has ever been given in London, within our experience at least, at which some confusion or pressure has not taken place. But, as a rule, when the society is composed of ladies and gentlemen, it is not found necessary to send for the police. Moreover, under any circumstances, the Mayor's windows ought not to have been broken. On the whole, therefore, we cannot be surprised at the indignation which has been excited; and we are glad to hear that a considerable number of undergraduates were sufficiently alive to the discredit inflicted upon their body to volunteer assistance towards keeping the peace.

And now we might take up our parable, and denounce the Universities as seminaries of gross disorder produced by lax discipline. There have, in fact, been some awkward symptoms within the last few years. The absurd disturbances which have been allowed to interrupt University ceremonials both at Oxford and Cambridge ought, to our thinking, to have been put down more vigorously. It would not be difficult to make a list of undergraduate offences to justify the inference that everything is growing worse. We are not inclined to do so, for the simple reason that there never has been a time at which such a list might not have been made out. The complaints about disorders at the Universities are like the complaints about female extravagance in dress, or the growing independence of domestic servants, or the increasing luxury of the age; they have been going on ever since the Universities were founded, and probably complaints of a similar character were current about the rising generation from a much earlier period. We are really not in a position to say whether young men are just now rather better or rather worse than usual. We have observed that two remarks are generally made by elderly gentlemen who visit the scenes of their youth. One is that the morals of the young men are improved, the other that the discipline is relaxed. Some inferences might be drawn if we could believe that these statements represented real observations. Unluckily, there is an easier explanation. A middle-aged person fancies that

the rising generation is better than his own because he forgets that, when he was himself young, he did not confide in his own weaknesses or those of his friends to middle-aged persons. The impression about discipline is partly explicable on a similar principle. When we have grown to be old fogies, we are shocked by manners and customs which seemed natural in our youth. Because we were not scandalized, we assume that there was no scandal. It is true that these illusions should in some degree correct each other; but the human mind is not logical. But, without going into the philosophy of the illusions, we notice them only to observe that most people's guesses as to the improvement or deterioration of mankind are generally unsatisfactory in the highest degree. A single instance of misbehaviour can only prove that the world is not yet perfect, which nobody supposes; and to know whether a dozen such instances prove deterioration we should have to go into very doubtful statistics or appeal to very uncertain recollections. A man's memory of the place in which he spent his youth is untrustworthy beyond calculation, and most dogmatic assertions about the state of Universities rest upon such memories.

We shall be content, therefore, with a much simpler moral. The disturbance at Cambridge proves the existence of a certain amount of rowdiness. Whether there is more or less than formerly we need not inquire. Whatever is the amount, it ought to be put down; and, further, nothing is really easier than to put it down. A very little common sense and energy on the part of the authorities should be amply sufficient to keep their interesting charges in decent order. An undergraduate is generally the most manageable of human beings; and for very simple reasons. The fines inflicted by the magistrates may not be very serious to lads who are presumably pretty well off; but there are other penalties which are more dreaded and easily applied. A young man knows, when he is tolerably sober, that his whole career is more or less at the mercy of the authorities. Rustication and expulsion are very serious evils, and he is rather disposed to exaggerate than to under-estimate their importance. The proverbial senior wrangler who feared to go to a London theatre for fear of causing a dangerous crush of sightseers represents a conceivable exaggeration of the normal state of mind. The disgrace of a college punishment is supposed to be equivalent to censure in the eyes of an attentive universe. The authorities have therefore a weapon at their disposal which is perfectly effective whenever they can make up their minds to use it. There will always be a certain number of ringleaders in all varieties of mischief whose removal will ensure the preservation of a decent amount of order. The art of governing a school or college is simply the art of getting rid of the discordant elements. They may be removed on occasion of some distinct offence; or their passage to a different sphere may be dexterously smoothed by judicious appeals to parental authority. The existence of any disorder worse than a mere occasional outbreak of animal spirits is a proof that this pruning has not been carried out with sufficient energy. Of course a tutor is apt to be good-natured. In any given disturbance it is a general rule that some innocent youth comes to the surface. The worst offender is clever enough to hide himself. The particular lads who fell into the clutches of the police on the recent occasion were very probably not the worst; and, from the reports, some of them seem to have been mere schoolboys making an injudicious use of their first term of emancipation from terrors of the rod. What notice should be taken of such offences in any given case is necessarily a matter to be left to the discretion of the authorities. Only they should remember that anything like a continuance of the spirit displayed would clearly indicate that they are incapable of discharging their most obvious duties. That in a body of many hundred undergraduates there should be a dozen or two capable of taking leave of the ordinary decencies of behaviour is not amazing; but it would be a more serious matter if it should appear that such vagaries had not been rigorously repressed.

Another question seems to be suggested by a recent notice of the Oxford authorities. Young men, it seems, are to be forbidden under very severe penalties from attending horse-races. Admitting that a University student may spend his time better than in frequenting horse-races as at present conducted, we cannot feel clear that such a regulation is judicious. It looks rather like a rebound from the excessive respect for athletic sports which was popular a short time ago. The authorities were condemned for stimulating the taste for rowing; they wish to prove their virtue by putting down a taste for horse-racing. We cannot say whether any special justification can be alleged for such a rule; but it appears at first sight to imply neglect of some obvious principles. After all, discipline can only go a certain way at places like the Universities. If a lad chooses to be immoral in his conduct, the authorities cannot prevent him. They may set him good examples and preach him good sermons; they may make the place uncomfortable for him if he is idle or vicious; and may get rid of those who exercise an evil influence. But it is idle to suppose that a youth who wishes to bet or drink will be prevented from gratifying his tastes by any such disciplinary measures as can be really carried out. To prohibit one mode of indulgence is generally to encourage others less conspicuous and equally injurious. The general rule should therefore be to allow any conduct not in itself immoral or indecorous, and to reserve severe punishments for cases of unquestionable vice. The attempt to proscribe a particular amusement which may be innocent because it may also lead to vice is sensible enough in the case of a school, where

it can be systematically carried out. But the liberty of a University is necessarily, and rightly, so great that any such regulation generally defeats itself. Horse-racing has scarcely become so disreputable that severe penalties for attendance at a race will be supported by public opinion. When the fathers and brothers of young men are constantly indulging in a practice without reproach, the moral sense of the young men themselves will not confirm the prohibition of the authorities. You cannot prevent a man from drinking or gambling, though you may punish excess in either case; and it seems rather unreasonable to forbid absolutely another practice not in itself more immoral. Such one-sided virtue is apt to provoke more hypocrisy and shuffling than it is worth.

#### THE BIRTHPLACE OF MONK.

THERE are few corners of England which have not their birthplaces and their associations connecting them with the work and the history of the bustling world. But not many are so fortunate in this respect as the old-world town of Torrington, where the Devonshire Association—one of those county archaeological and scientific societies which are doing so much good service—held its last annual meeting. Torrington is rich in memories of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose sister was married and lived there; and within a very short distance is the early home of General Monk, the fortunate Duke of Albemarle. The family of Monk had long been connected with the place; and after the Restoration the new-made Duke rebuilt their mansion, the relics and situation of which are of considerable interest.

Unlike the majority of Devonshire towns, which for the most part affect valleys, Torrington stands on a hill-top; and a steep bank, partly perhaps scarped by art, descends sharply from the Castle mound towards the river Torridge. The history of the Castle (of which nothing but earthworks remains) does not reach further back than the fourteenth century; but the site may very well represent a much earlier stronghold. The beauty of the view from this high ground, and the charm of all the surrounding country, have had their attractions for more than one great artist; and Sir Joshua himself, on one of his visits to his brother-in-law Mr. Palmer, painted, to fill the panel of a mantelpiece, a long, shallow landscape, the subject of which seems to have been found close at hand. This picture has unhappily disappeared. It was removed some fifty years ago, "because it was too dark"; but the room for which it was painted, and the rest of the house, remain in very nearly the same condition as in the days of Sir Joshua. The house is of red brick, with carved pilasters along the front, and urns of white stone on either side of the entrance. There is a fine oaken staircase; and the "great parlour," as it is still called, retains its panelling and its moulded ceiling, and takes us so completely back to the last century that it is easy to repeople it with the well-known forms of the great artist and of Dr. Johnson, who accompanied him on one of his Western expeditions, and then spent three days at Torrington. The Doctor seems to have been regarded as the greater lion of the two; and all the neighbourhood was assembled in the great parlour to admire him. Among them (we have the story from a friend, who received it in turn from a lady who was herself present, then a young girl, at the scene) came the schoolmaster of Torrington, a certain Mr. Whickey. Johnson, as this worthy entered, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, "Whickey?—Dicky—Snickey—I don't like the name, I don't like the name"; and it may be supposed that the unfortunate pedagogue did not find himself altogether at his ease. A visitor at Torrington early in the present century declared that "all the ladies were nieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and all were deaf." This was something of an exaggeration; but the place is undoubtedly pervaded by a certain aroma of Reynolds. Among other family portraits here is one of his sister, Mrs. Palmer, which is noticeable for the very strong likeness of its subject to the painter himself.

Thomas Monk, the elder brother of George the famous General, remained in Devonshire during the troubles of the Civil War. As the head of an ancient family he was of course compelled to take arms; but it does not appear that he served out of his own district, although he had his share in the fighting and turmoil with which that was visited. The parish registers for 1644 and 1645, during which years the troops on either side were busy in and about Torrington, contain numerous entries which show how entirely insecure all that part of the country was, long before the arrival of Fairfax and his attack on the town. Thus one Humphrey Vanstone was "shott by one of the Barstaple troopers as he was coming to church on a Sunday at forenoon prayer"; and an entry which more immediately concerns us records the burial on the 10th of July, 1644, of "Thomas Moncke, gent., lieutenant to Colonel Thomas Moncke, of Podesridge, Esq.—he being slaine in South Streete the ixth day, about 12 a clocke att night by somme of his owne company by means of some misprision of the word given." This Thomas was the eldest son of the squire of Potheridge—the "d" in the entry must surely be a relic of the vanished "Thorn," of which it retains the form)—and there was much reason for believing that the "misprision" was intentional, and that his death was hardly the result of accident. Lord Hopton's troops were then assembling in and around Torrington; and some months later, on the night of February 15, 1645, Fairfax arrived with his army before the place, and one of the hottest actions occurred that had been known in



the West. The Royalists, desperately fighting, were driven through the narrow streets, and down the steep roads to the bridges. Their foot were completely scattered, and their horse fled toward Cornwall in great confusion. That the assault was made at night and in the dark was accidental; but the unexpected onset was all in favour of Fairfax. Lord Hopton had stored his magazine of powder in the church, and many of the prisoners taken by Fairfax were placed there also for safety. In the midst of the tumult, and while the Royalist troops were still rushing toward the river, the church was blown up, by whom, or with what object, is not certain. Joshua Sprigg, the chaplain of Fairfax, asserts that it was "fired by a desperate villain, one Watts, whom the enemy had hired with thirty pounds for that purpose"; but under all the circumstances the destruction may very well have been accidental. Fairfax himself narrowly escaped, "there falling a web of lead with all its force, which killed the horse of one Master Rhoads of the lifeguard, who was thereon, next to the general in the street, but doing neither him nor the general any hurt." A certain John Heydon, "Minister of the Gospel," who preached and published a discourse of miraculous length on this "wonderful preservation of his Excellency," records in his preface a still more remarkable wonder. When, he says, "the publick place of God's worship was blown up by a hellish plot . . . there fell out by Divine Providence that which we look upon as *mira non mirabilia*, namely, though both the books of Common Prayer were blown up or burnt, yet the blessed Bible was preserved, and not obliterated, although it were blown away." Most of the prisoners in the church (their number is said to have been two hundred) were killed, and sixty-three "souldyers," according to the register, were buried during the six following days. But these may have been wounded or killed in the fight. The destruction of the church was so great that the prisoners seem to have disappeared altogether. The building remained in a shattered and patched condition until the last few years, but has now been well and thoroughly restored. In clearing away some of the ruined stone-work portions of powder were found, of course in a dead condition, but relics, beyond all doubt, of the "magazine of eighty barrels" which did so much mischief.

"Colonell Thomas Moncke," of Potheridge, was a Royalist; but his name does not appear in any account of this assault on Torrington. If he were present he must have been driven westward with the rest of Hopton's troops, and at any rate the old home of his race must have been open to attack and plunder during the many days that Fairfax and his army remained in full possession of the neighbourhood. The family of Monk had been settled at Potheridge at least since the reign of Edward I.; when Hugh le Moyne appears as owner of the place. His descendants continued, without a break, to Sir Thomas, father of the General. This Sir Thomas married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Smyth of Exeter, by his first wife. Sir Beville Grenville, the flower of Western loyalty, and one of the "four wheels of Charles's wain," married Grace, daughter of Sir George Smyth by his second wife. Thus the Monks and the Grenvilles were nearly connected; and in 1625 the youth who was to become the restorer of the monarchy, not yet quite seventeen, began his career in arms as a volunteer under Sir Richard Grenville, then at Plymouth, and just setting out with Lord Wimbeldon on the expedition against Spain. George Monk was the second son of Sir Thomas, and was born at Potheridge, December 6, 1608. For some reason which does not appear, he was taken within a day or two of his birth to a house belonging to the Monks in the parish of Landcross near Bideford. In the church of that parish he was baptized on the 11th of December, as is attested by an entry in the register. Potheridge, however, remained the chief seat of the Monks; and it was among the woods that still surround it, and over the heaths that then stretched away at no great distance, that George Monk acquired one, and that not the least important, part of his education, which, Clarendon asserts somewhat spitefully, "was only Dutch and Devonshire." Like most West-country folk, he was deeply attached to these scenes of his early wanderings; how deeply he showed when, after he had become a duke and a great courtier, he "set up the staff of his rest" at Potheridge, and rebuilt the old house with great splendour.

Potheridge—whether the name is to be interpreted "upon the ridge," as Bideford is "by the ford," is uncertain—stands on high ground about five miles south of Torrington. The "ridge" is in effect a broad promontory, round which the river Torridge winds on three sides. The slopes which fall away to the water are covered with thick wood—the great feature of all this part of the country—where, as you climb the long, steep hills, valley after valley opens into the far distance, with wooded spurs projecting at intervals over the clear, brown river. The house, in a manner very unusual in Devonshire, is placed on the highest part of the ground, and commands, or at least would have commanded if in its high estate it had not been shut in by lofty walls, a magnificent view of the whole northern side of Dartmoor. A long range of tors and hill crests, with Cosdon at one end and the heights above Lydford at the other, reflect every change in the sky above them, and lift themselves beyond a tossed foreground of open fields and furzy commons. Altogether the situation is such a one, with its pleasant home scenes and its grand distant view, as might well burn its attractions deeply into the heart of a son of the house. The old estate of the Monks was not large, at least according to modern ideas. It did not include much more than seven hundred acres; but this was quite enough for the thorough

enjoyment of such a *vie de château* as was affected, before the Civil War, by the principal squires of the West. The bowling-green lay close under the walls of the house. The warren was not far off; and a deer park extended over much of the higher ground, with alleys and ridings through the woods that reached quite to the river.

Either the expenses of the war or the costs of a large family had greatly reduced the resources of the Monks before the Restoration. Whether Colonel Monk, the elder brother of George, was dead at this time we do not know; but George Monk, created Earl of Torrington and Duke of Albemarle in 1660, restored the fortunes of his family, and took possession of Potheridge. He rebuilt the house from the foundations. The plan was a centre with projecting wings, all built of the local stone, and with considerable enrichment. There was a chapel in one wing, and a great hall in the centre. High walls inclosed the whole within a sort of courtyard, along one side of which, after the usual fashion of the day, extended a long and stately range of stabling. The house was not completely finished until 1672, three years after the death of its rebuilder, who died January 4, 1669. Monk himself had received grants of other houses and of broader lands; but there were none to which he turned so willingly as to Potheridge, remote as it is. He was succeeded in lands and titles by his only son Christopher, with whom this ancient family became extinct in 1687. His Duchess survived until 1734, and occasionally visited Potheridge. After her death the greater part of the house was pulled down. The chapel remained, but in a ruinous state, until 1770. One wing, and the range of stables, are all that now exist to show how fondly Monk set himself to "repair the waste places" of his house. It was a brief splendour; and it is curious that the old Cornish mansion of the Grenvilles, at Stow, in the parish of Kilkhampton, rose about the same time into a magnificence which was equally shortlived. Stow was rebuilt in 1680 by John, Earl of Bath, the third son of Sir Beville Grenville. It was dismantled in 1720, and a moated site is at this day the only vestige of it.

Potheridge has had so far a better fortune than one wing has been preserved, and retains many traces of former splendour. This has long served as a farmhouse; and the goddesses and cupids which decorate the ceiling of its staircase, after the style of "Verrio and Laguerre," now look down upon a goodly collection of hams and cheeses. The wide staircase is of oak, with massive carved balusters; and the ceiling is richly moulded, with decaying paintings in rounds and ovals. In one of the rooms is some very good panelling, removed from a larger apartment now pulled down. The chimney-piece of this room keeps its original position, and has a great frame with trophies of arms boldly carved in oak. The arms of Monk, a chevron between three lions' heads erased, appear on one side; and over the frame projects a dual crown, supported by fluttering Cupids. Some fragments of oak carving are now placed within the frame, which probably at one time inclosed a portrait of the first Duke of Albemarle. The other rooms in this wing have been much altered and divided, and although they retain portions of costly fitting, there is nothing which so directly connects them with the builder. The stables are converted into barns and outhouses. One wall only of the chapel remains. It is called "Grecian" in some old accounts; and was no doubt furnished in accordance with the taste of an age which despised Gothic as barbarous.

There are but few trees immediately round the house. Their brethren have disappeared in obedience to that general law of ugliness which rules modern farming. But at some little distance, on a knoll which looks far across the valley to the castle hill of Torrington, are some grand old beeches, which extend their shade over the mounds and hollows of what was once, to all appearance, the "pleasance" of the mansion. All is now tangled and ruined. But here, with a wide view on all sides of them, the lords and ladies of the château may have disported themselves with the lawn-tennis of their day, and indulged in flirtations which sacques and flowing wigs seem only to have rendered more lively and piquant.

There are no Monk monuments in the little church of Merton, the parish in which Potheridge stands. The General was buried, as we know, in Westminster Abbey. The rector of Merton long received an annual sum of 3*l.*, paid out of the barton of Potheridge, instead of his Sunday dinner, and the keep for that day of his "grey mare." Either the rector declined going so far for his dinner, or the lords of Potheridge found his company distasteful. A "commutation" was accordingly carried into effect; but, so far as Potheridge is concerned, the rector is now left without any Sunday dinner at all. The money is no longer paid.

In genius, in the extent of his services, and in the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries, Monk cannot of course compare with the great soldier who was born in an opposite corner of Devonshire when Monk's own career was far advanced. Ashe, the birthplace, in 1650, of the famous Duke of Marlborough, is perhaps a more interesting relic—it is nothing more, for the greater part of the house is gone—than Potheridge. But the Duke of Albemarle filled a considerable place in the world's eye, and was fortunate enough to hold the casting-vote at a critical moment. Devonshire cannot afford to forget either of her historical dukes.

## THE DUBLIN REVIEW ON DR. NEWMAN.

IT was hardly to be supposed that the "insolent and aggressive faction" who forced the hand of the Roman Catholic Episcopate, and secured the triumph of their pet dogma at the Vatican Synod, would sit down quietly under the stinging castigation administered to them by Dr. Newman. There were indeed rumours afloat some time ago of an attack on the illustrious Oratorian having been prepared for publication in the *Dublin Review*, but which the overruling caution of a higher authority, albeit heartily sympathizing himself with its general drift, would not suffer to appear. That, however, was before the Gladstone controversy and the Letter to the Duke of Norfolk. So direct and pointed a challenge as was conveyed in the "language of extraordinary severity" which the author there "thought it his duty to use against certain of his fellow-Catholics" they could not be expected to ignore. And we quite agree with the editor of the *Dublin Review*, who is evidently the writer of the article before us, both in thinking that he is himself unmistakably included in the censure thus pronounced, and that it "derives especial significance from the fact that Dr. Newman is usually so very mild and forbearing in his censure on others," while "he has in this very letter spoken of the Döllingerite heretics themselves [the phrase is not Dr. Newman's, but his critic's] in language of remarkable indulgence." The Reviewer finds it impossible any longer to remain silent under the rebuke of so eminent and influential a censor. But at the same time the situation is a perplexing one. Ultramontanes are more sensitive than most people to anything like a domestic scandal, and shrink instinctively from washing their dirty linen in public. Protestants have been so often assured that there is absolute peace and harmony within the Roman fold that it is very unedifying to be obliged to confess to the existence of serious differences. And still more is it "extremely painful both on public and private grounds" to have to charge the foremost living champion of the Roman Catholic Church with a fundamental misapprehension of her teaching, and of "the spiritual interests of souls," and that, too, when he has just been engaged in vindicating her cause with transcendent ability and not inconsiderable success against the damaging strictures of a very formidable assailant. There is accordingly throughout the article an amusing oscillation of sentiment which almost looks as if two hands, or at least two minds, had been at work upon it. It opens with profound expressions of personal respect for Dr. Newman, and at the close, after admitting that the differences between them are by no means of small moment, the writer not very consistently professes his belief that the singular genius, brilliancy, and intellectual vigour of the Letter to the Duke of Norfolk will produce a permanent and beneficial effect, forgetting, apparently, how much of that permanent effect must be to discredit his own cherished programme. Even *Dublin Reviewers* cannot of course afford to "undervalue the great moral support which arises in England to the Church's cause from the spectacle of a mind which all Englishmen admit to be so great and gifted, unremittently devoting its highest energies to her service." But then it is obvious on the face of it that this moral support can only accrue to the Church's cause as Dr. Newman, and not as the Reviewer, understands it. And although they are agreed in formally accepting the Vatican dogma, their conception of its bearings and their entire ethical standpoint have so little in common, that whatever assent is gained for the one view implies the condemnation of the other. This will be sufficiently obvious to any one who takes the trouble to read the article—to which we observe that the *Tablet* is devoting a series of laudatory notices—and might indeed be inferred from a glance at the table of contents prefixed to it, where "arguments against the doctrine" maintained by Dr. Newman occupy the most prominent place.

It is a characteristic of the editor of the *Dublin Review*, which his own coreligionists have not been slow to notice, that, with abundant professions of candour, the sincerity of which there is no need to question, he is one of the unfairest controversialists easily to be met with, especially when in conflict with members of his own communion. We observe that in this very number of the *Review* he has to defend himself against a complaint urged by a priest of the Rosminian order of reiterating groundless charges against its founder which had already been refuted. It is perhaps from some latent consciousness of his incapacity to appreciate any point of view other than his own that he expresses a doubt in one place whether he rightly apprehends Dr. Newman's doctrine, though he is very sure that, if he does understand it, it is most injurious to the best interests of the Church. We do not think, however, he at all exaggerates, if he does not rather understate, the extent of Dr. Newman's difference from himself, though he is not happy in his way of accounting for it. The system of "tyrannous *ipse dixit*," which he so ardently vindicates, is clearly just what Dr. Newman intended pointedly to condemn. And we are quite ready to concede, what he argues at somewhat unnecessary length, that his own view is in much closer harmony with the recorded utterances of Pius IX. than his great opponent's. He is right in saying that His Holiness has frequently rebuked "minimizers," but has never blamed "maximizers." Nor are we anxious to vindicate the "inopportunist" policy which it is difficult to defend in principle, while in practice it utterly broke down at the Council. But it can hardly have escaped so acute a critic that many of those who in words adopted it through a mistaken notion of expediency were, and probably still are, in heart anti-infallibilists. What the Reviewer means by Dr. Newman's ungrudging admission of the large number of *ex*

*cathedrâ* pontifical acts we do not quite know; at least, if *ex cathedrâ* is to be taken as synonymous with infallible. In one of his latest publications, the third volume of *Historical Sketches*, Dr. Newman goes out of his way to fix conditions of an *ex cathedrâ* decision of the Pope which would certainly exclude, as we should infer from a cognate passage in the *Apologia* it is meant to exclude, every Papal definition except the Immaculate Conception, and only allows "a kind of Nag's Head infallibility" to the rest. No doubt that is much the most plausible line to take for an apologist of the Vatican Decrees; how far it is tenable we are not here called upon to discuss. But it is wholly unequal to the practical exigencies of Ultramontane theology, as is also Dr. Newman's proviso that "none but the *schola theologorum* is competent to determine the force of Papal and Synodal utterances," the true significance of which may therefore remain in abeyance for centuries. It was unquestionably the main object of those who agitated for the Vatican definition, and whose conduct Dr. Newman condemns in the language which his Reviewer roundly denounces as wanting in fairness and candour, to secure a short and sharp method of dealing with inconvenient disputants. Mr. Dalgairns and others have expressly told us that the dogma of Papal infallibility was required to put down the German professors—not of course an infallibility whose pronouncements were to be gradually sifted and harmonized in the course of ages by the labours of the *Schola Theologorum*, but a working infallibility which could transmit its peremptory edicts any day through the post office. We have referred to a passage of Dr. Newman's Letter in which his critic "desiderates fairness and candour." May we venture to observe, in further illustration of a remark made just now, that we very decidedly "desiderate fairness and candour" in the ingenious use he has himself made of what he calls "the noble passage" at the close of Dr. Newman's Letter, which "has given such great and universal edification." The passage runs as follows, and it is cited, as though it stood alone, to prove that Dr. Newman desires Catholics to conform all their words and thoughts in matters great or small absolutely to the judgment of the Holy See and the Episcopate:—

I say there is only one Oracle of God, the Holy Catholic Church and the Pope as her head. To her teaching I have ever desired all my thoughts, all my words to be conformed; to her judgment I submit what I have now written, what I have ever written, not only as regards its truth, but as to its prudence, its suitableness, and its expedience.

Yet the Reviewer must have been well aware that its real meaning is strictly defined and limited by the sentence immediately preceding it, which he omits to cite, and which contains one of the strongest censures on himself and those who share his views to be found anywhere throughout the Letter:—

Secondly, for the benefit of some Catholics, I would observe that, while I acknowledge one Pope *jure divino*, I acknowledge no other, and that I think it a usurpation, too wicked to be comfortably dwelt upon, when individuals use their own private judgment, in the discussion of religious questions, not simply "abundare in suo sensu," but for the purpose of anathematizing the private judgment of others.

In other words, the "noble" and "loyal" and profoundly edifying passage, which the Reviewer tears from its context and represents as after all a happy testimony to Dr. Newman's substantial agreement with himself, is, in fact, part of a final denunciation of the Ultramontane party as practising "a usurpation too wicked to be comfortably dwelt upon."

But a few pages further on the Reviewer returns to the attack, and supports his strictures by the authority of the French Jesuit, Father Ramière, who, after politely informing Dr. Newman that his statements are true in a precisely contrary sense to what he intends, regrets that his judgment should be so fatally distorted by "undergoing the influences of an heretical country." Another and very amusing instance of the Reviewer's candour occurs in a note where he tells us he "has not a dream" what Dr. Newman means by implying "that possibly things occurred within the walls of the Council Chamber which it is not pleasant to dwell upon." The allusion is intelligible enough to any one who is even moderately acquainted, as the Reviewer can hardly fail to be, with the literature bearing on the subject. He may of course, if he pleases, treat as purely fabulous the detailed accounts of extremely unpleasant occurrences in the Council given in the *Letters of Quirinus*, in Friedrich's Diary, and elsewhere, on the authority of eye-witnesses; but it is not easy to believe that he is ignorant of them. These, however, are minor points; the main interest of the article lies in its open and almost indignant avowal, scarcely veiled by the interpolation of many complimentary formalities, of the radical divergence of doctrinal and ethical views which separates Dr. Newman from the dominant party in his Church—for such unfortunately it is—as represented by the *Dublin Review*. The Reviewer argues in effect that the Vatican definition was eminently opportune, because almost every Catholic already believed it, and that it has further been proved to be indispensable from the surprising circumstance, which he had never even suspected, that there are professing Catholics who did, and do, disbelieve it. Dr. Newman, on the other hand, considered that, if the doctrine was generally believed, there could be no need for defining it, and that the fact, of which he was keenly conscious, that to many it was a serious and insuperable difficulty, made the action of those who pressed on the definition cruel and tyrannical; "unsettling the weak in faith, throwing back inquirers, and shocking the Protestant mind . . . scandalizing those little ones who believe in Christ, and despising and destroying him for whom He died." And he says that he



shall carry this feeling with him to the grave. We may add that the "extraordinary severity" of his language is the more remarkable, not only, as his critic observes, from his usual gentleness of tone, but also because both from principle and instinctive habit he has always, alike as an Anglican and a Roman Catholic, shown himself scrupulously, almost morbidly, deferential to ecclesiastical authority, though his deference has generally received but scant recognition, and he tells us himself that he "has had more to try and afflict him in various ways as a Catholic than as an Anglican." We may be very sure that it was only under the pressure of a stern sense of duty, an almost passionate conviction of the wrong that had been done, that such a man could have brought himself to speak as he has spoken now. And the unconcealed soreness of those against whom his censure is directed supplies fresh evidence that he has spoken to some purpose. We know indeed that his faith in the Church of his adoption remains unshaken, but he makes no secret of his belief that those who have now got the control of her destinies into their hands have done their utmost to weaken her authority, to unsettle faith, to trouble tender consciences, to injure souls, and to delay her triumph for centuries. They retort by the mouth of the *Dublin Reviewer* that his own doctrine is "open to the precise objections he has brought against theirs." Those who know anything of Dr. Newman and of his Ultramontane assailants will form their own judgment as to who is most likely to be in the right.

#### MEETING OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE President of the Geographical Society thinks that it is almost impossible that the magnificent island of New Guinea, the Queen of the Eastern Archipelago, and immediately contiguous to Australia, should remain much longer in barren independence. The Society has watched with interest the surveys of the coastline and the expeditions that have attempted with limited success to advance into the interior of this island. The Italian traveller D'Albertis, notwithstanding the valuable experience gained during his previous visit to the north-western part of the island, has been unable during his present visit to gain a footing on the mainland of the southern side. The expedition despatched last year by the London Missionary Society, under the orders of the Rev. S. Macfarlane, had failed in all attempts to take a steamer up the rivers on the south-eastern coast, with a view to the establishment of a mission-station in the interior; although they have succeeded in obtaining much valuable information with regard to the geography and products of that part of the coast. The Macleay expedition, of which so much was expected in the Australian colonies, has returned from New Guinea to Sydney without effecting anything of importance. It appears that Mr. Macleay failed in effecting an entrance into the Fly river on the western side of the Gulf of Papua, owing to the dangers of the shore navigation and the hostility of the natives. More recent intelligence announces, however, the discovery of a river on the south coast of New Guinea, which is navigable for nearly 100 miles into the interior, and which has been actually ascended by the Missionary steamer for a distance of 60 miles. It thus appears that missionary enterprise is at this moment foremost in the exploration of New Guinea; but we may expect that the trading and political interests, or supposed interests, of Australia will not be far distanced in the race.

The results of the labours of all explorers are equally interesting to the Geographical Society. Half a century hence the Papuans will probably have been brought into unwilling contact with civilization, with the usual consequences. The pious lady who has given a steamer to the London Missionary Society is no doubt gratified at its success, which is also pleasing to those who desire access to the country for other purposes than evangelizing the natives. Only on Wednesday last Lord Carnarvon received a deputation from the Anti-Slavery Society which came to protest against a quasi-military expedition which is preparing to conquer a portion of New Guinea for the private benefit of speculators. The President is not to be blamed for the comprehensive spirit in which he surveys geographical research, although his remarks have sometimes a slightly droll effect. Whatever may be Mr. Stanley's own pretensions, we should hardly expect to find him seriously regarded as an apostle, and yet he is, if we may so say, bracketed with a missionary Bishop. The President had anticipated from Mr. Stanley's intrepidity and determination that, being once launched into the interior of Africa with means and appliances of the most extensive and efficient character, it would not be long before he had resolved the doubts which had existed since the discovery of the Victoria Nyanza as to the true nature of that great reservoir of the Nile. This anticipation has been realized, and the President was able to exhibit to the meeting a complete chart of the Lake by Mr. Stanley, who has almost circumnavigated its shores. It appears that Mr. Stanley reached in 103 days the southern shore of the Lake, distant 730 miles from Bagamoyo, having fought a severe battle with the natives on the way, and having discovered and followed to the Lake a new river which rises 300 miles beyond the Victoria Nyanza, and is thus, as far as present information extends, the true southern source of the White Nile. Mr. Stanley embarked in a portable boat on the Lake, and coasted along its southern, eastern, and northern shores till he reached Uganda; and thus he showed that it was a lake,

and not a mere collection of lagoons. It is probable that a good many natives were killed and wounded in Mr. Stanley's severe battle; but then it was all for their good, as indeed all the proceedings of Europeans in Africa have been, at least in their own judgment, from the time when the Portuguese introduced the slave trade. The height of the Victoria Nyanza has been determined at about 3,800 feet above the sea level. Mr. Stanley intended, after completing the survey of the Victoria Nyanza, to cross the intervening country to the Albert Nyanza, where he hoped, by means of his portable boat, to make a voyage of discovery round this hitherto almost unvisited lake. It appears, however, that he was likely to be anticipated by Colonel Gordon, who had forced his way from Egypt to a point above the principal rapids of the Upper Nile, whence the passage southwards to the Albert Nyanza would be tolerably free from impediment. Colonel Gordon was only 140 miles from the Albert Nyanza at the end of August. M. Linant was sent by Colonel Gordon to Uganda, and there met Mr. Stanley, and returned, bearing a letter which has been published this week in the *Daily Telegraph*. Unfortunately, M. Linant was killed, with thirty-six of his men, in an attack by the Bari tribe, when near Colonel Gordon's station, and this lamentable event would retard the execution of Colonel Gordon's plans. He is obliged to give up for the time his visit to the Albert Nyanza, in order to go and punish the tribe that had attacked the party. There can be no doubt that if these expeditions are to be made, this is the only way to make them. This country will soon be "opened up," as the phrase is, and we shall know all about the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, and we must not mind sacrificing a few lives to obtain important geographical information. Everybody speaks most highly of Colonel Gordon and his doings, the Khedive and his Prime Minister, English residents, and American missionaries. He has not only checked the slave trade, and still more the slave-hunting, but he has made his expedition almost pay itself by economy and by judicious management of the conquered districts. In fact, he is at once promoting Christianity and enriching the Khedive, and both the missionary and the tax-gatherer will be able to follow in his steps. The religion which these expeditions propagate might, indeed, be described as sending, not peace to Africa, but a sword; but it is to be considered that, although we kill some Africans, this is only to prevent their killing one another to a much higher rate.

It is a relief to turn from expeditions attended, perhaps inevitably, with bloodshed, to the proceedings of the two ships sent lately into the Arctic seas. These ships filled up with stores and coals at Disco, and made their final start northward on the 17th of July. The commencement of their voyage was propitious, as the ice in Melville Bay was so thin and yielding that the ships steamed through it almost without stoppage to Carey Island, where they established a depot. They started again for Smith's Sound on the 27th of July, and expected from the favourable state of the ice to be able to reach as high as 85° N. L. before putting up for the winter. It is reported that the season was exceptionally fine in Baffin's Bay, and that there was every indication of a large extent of open water to the northward, and this may be some compensation for a season which has been exceptionally wet at home. The latest intelligence of the *Alert* and *Discovery* was brought by Captain Allen Young, who has been making an Arctic expedition for the gratification of the readers of the *New York Herald*. He started a month later than the two ships, reached Carey Island, pushed thence through Lancaster Sound and further, until stopped by impenetrable ice, returned to Carey Island, and found there a cairn containing a record left by Captain Nares, which he brought to England, arriving on the 16th of October. The expedition which has been thus far successful was undertaken by the Government at the instance of the Geographical Society.

The President notices with satisfaction that the progress of Russian arms or influence has enlarged the Society's knowledge of Central Asia, and enabled it to construct a trustworthy map of the region between the Upper Oxus and Jaxartes. The Society is not concerned with political or social questions, and it is at liberty to utilize the geographical results alike of the ambition of princes or the enterprise of newspapers; and indeed it seems probable that these two forces will divide the world between them. We have said that the President brackets Mr. Stanley with a missionary Bishop, and therefore it is not wonderful to find newspapers comparing him with Livingstone. The *New York Herald* quotes with approbation from a London journal the remark that, "in knowledge of men, in dependence upon God," he shows the same type of character as his renowned predecessor. Speaking practically, we should say that Mr. Stanley depends a good deal upon remittances from his employers, and Livingstone had no employers, or at least none that sent him any money. It may of course be true that this type of character finds its chief reward in the work which it does, and it is not on that account the less useful in keeping up "the largest circulation in the world." It is complacently assumed that the social and moral welfare of the natives is advanced by this as by other trading speculations. The prediction that "the wilderness will blossom as the rose" is considered to be under fulfilment by the liberality of two newspapers which have kindly consented to assist Providence in guiding the destiny of mankind. We almost wonder that these spirited journals do not assume the motto, "Talent de bien faire," of Prince Henry the Navigator. The modern newspaper not only collects news but makes it, and as there cannot always be wars, except in Spain, where they are apt to grow monotonous, it is convenient to

get up an African expedition in which a picturesque fight is tolerably certain to happen here and there. The President, indeed, hardly did justice to the far-reaching operations of the *New York Herald*. Not only Mr. Stanley in Africa, but Captain Allen Young in the Arctic Sea, has been engaged in producing "copy" for the printers of that journal. Captain Young, in a vessel named only too aptly the *Pandora*, has been disseminating the blessings of civilization among the Esquimaux, and he carried a "Special Correspondent," who, as an "editorial" informs us, does ample justice to the charms of the Greenland ladies, and demonstrates that woman's heart glows with a refreshing warmth in the dreary Arctic regions. The description given by this Correspondent of a "hop" on board the *Pandora*, where the ladies danced in breeches, is expected by the editor to inspire gallant youths with a desire for Arctic travelling, and probably an expedition to Central Africa might be painted in equally alluring colours. The President's address reads like a despatch by one of those able penmen who adorn the Indian Civil Service, and his solemn compliments to the "extraordinary munificence" of the two newspapers inevitably recall to mind the admirable liberality of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. If Mr. Stanley is content with no reward at all, and Mr. Stanley's employers are pretty certain to get a reward which will content them, the progress of geographical science and the civilization of barbarians are alike assured. If Columbus or Vasco da Gama could have had a Special Correspondent with them, the records of their voyages would no doubt have been far more interesting than they are.

#### DR. PARKER AGAIN.

ONE of the characters in Kingsley's *Alton Locke*, a shrewd old Scotch bookseller, after hearing what the young free-thinker has to say in favour of universal emancipation from the trammels of sect and creed, drily remarks that what seems to be intended is that mankind should, in matters of religion, go on "the grand broad principle of want of breeks." We are forcibly reminded of this kind of emancipation by the curious exhibition which Dr. Parker has just been making of himself. It is not very long since Dr. Parker figured by no means creditably in an attempt to entrap the denomination to which he belongs into an expression of fulsome admiration for that noble creature, Mr. Ward Beecher. There was a very significant outburst of indignation on the part of those who were for the moment made victims of this device, and it might have been supposed that Dr. Parker, having been thus exposed and rebuked, would have kept as quiet as possible until the affair blew over. It appears, however, that Dr. Parker is not one of those sensitive persons who are seriously disconcerted by such an experience; and he has just attempted to practise on the Bishop of London a repetition of the artifice which, as it fortunately happened, broke down so completely in the case of his own community. Dr. Parker's plan is a very simple one, and it is possible that by continually repeating it he may in some cases succeed. It is somewhat akin to that which is known as passing false coin. Dr. Parker is an adept in attaching a spurious stamp to opinions of his own invention. Thus he had the hardihood at the time of the Brooklyn scandal to attempt to fasten upon the Nonconformist body the disgraceful imputation that they were filled with deep sympathy for Mr. Beecher, and even imitated him in his oeculatory indulgences. In the case of the Bishop of London he repeated his favourite expedient by attributing to him, in a letter to the *Times*, an opinion which he had no right whatever to believe that the Bishop held, and which he could have ascertained in the easiest possible way that the Bishop did not hold. Dr. Parker no doubt calculated on a busy Bishop, with his hands more than full, not having time to look up all the little letters in the odd corners of the newspapers, or, if by chance he saw this one, not thinking it worth while to take notice of it.

Dr. Parker's letter had reference to what is called free-trade in pulpits—that is, the theory that, no matter on what terms the churches of the Establishment may have been placed at the use of their respective incumbents, they ought to be freely thrown open to any preacher whom the incumbent chooses to admit; and that clergymen of the Church of England ought, on the other hand, to take advantage of the corresponding facilities offered to them of occupying the platforms of Dissenting chapels. "Will you allow me to say," wrote Dr. Parker, "that several clergymen of the Church of England have offered to preach in Nonconformist churches, and that in doing so some of them have asked me in return to preach in their pulpits?" If he had stopped here, it might have been all very well. It is possible that such proposals may have been made; but when Dr. Parker goes on to speak of this "lawful and honourable interchange of ministerial service in Protestant churches," it is difficult to understand how he can have been ignorant of the fact that, whether it is honourable or not for a clergyman to introduce unqualified persons into his church, it is certainly not lawful. Even if there were any doubt as to whether a clergyman is at liberty to preach in a Nonconformist chapel—and Dr. Parker must know that at a meeting in his own chapel a legal opinion against it was read—there is no sort of doubt that the churches of the Church of England are as yet, at any rate, its own property, and must be used according to its own regulations. Indeed, with strange shortsightedness, Dr. Parker admits this further on, when he says that, "with regard to the invitations I have received to

preach in the Established Church, I find that by Section 20 of the Act of Uniformity I should be sentenced to 'suffer three months' imprisonment in the common gaol, without bail or mainprize.'" Yet he thinks it honourable for clergymen to break the law by which at least they themselves are bound, though he is afraid to take advantage of it. And then Dr. Parker went on, after this perversion of facts, to insinuate that the Bishop of London was himself in favour of the movement, "for on any other supposition he would be bound by consistency to put a stop to the course which is being taken by a clergyman resident in his diocese, who is frequently to be found in Nonconformist pulpits." "As," he added, "the Bishop does not prosecute this offender, nor, so far as I am aware, in any public way show his displeasure at his conduct, I cannot but infer that his Lordship is not unwilling that quiet progress should be made in the direction which we are wishing to pursue." This amounts, of course, to a distinct accusation that the Bishop of London was willing to connive, in a sneaking way, at a violation of the laws of the Church which he was appointed to enforce. The Bishop, however, at once exposed the hollowness of the charge. "The clergyman referred to," he says, "some time ago resigned his preferment, and indeed, as I understood him, till he afterwards undeceived me, his ministry in the Church of England. He is therefore not under my jurisdiction, and, holding nothing from which he can be suspended or of which he can be deprived, he is exempt from the penalties of the Ecclesiastical Courts—deprivation or suspension." The Bishop adds, with much significance, "Whether it is open to one who still claims the privilege of a clergyman of the Church of England to exempt himself under the cover of technical impunity from the restrictions which law or public opinion place on his benefited brethren must be decided by his own conscience. I have offered him my advice." It should be observed that Dr. Parker, when he wrote the letter imputing a dereliction of duty to the Bishop of London was himself in confidential communication with the clergyman in question, and can hardly fail to have known the position in which he was placed. It is highly characteristic of Dr. Parker's sense of what is honourable in the intercourse of gentlemen that in his reply he carefully omits to apologize for his gross and inexcusable misrepresentations, and now turns round and fastens on the Bishop a wicked design to "take away the bread of a Christian minister who may venture by an official act to recognize the good standing of any Christian communion other than his own." It is obvious that the Bishop's letter expresses no opinion on the subject, but is written with the sole object of repelling an unwarrantable suggestion that he was winking at a breach of the law, with a strong sympathy for the criminal.

Stripped of the disingenuous mystery in which people of the Dr. Parker sort would wrap it, the question is an extremely simple one. It is open to any one, whether a Dissenter or a clergyman of the Church of England, to agitate for a relaxation of the laws which have hitherto governed the Church, in order that its distinctive character may be destroyed; and this is a question which we are not at present concerned to discuss. What is obvious is, that as long as the law, whether or not it be wise or charitable, remains as it is, the clergy are bound as honest men and loyal citizens to obey it; and it is also quite clear that a member of such a corporation as the Church is not at liberty to compromise his associates by breaking through the conventional arrangements by which they are bound together. A clergyman of the Church of England cannot go into a Dissenting pulpit as a mere private person. He goes as a representative of a particular Church, and carries with him the authority and distinctive character of his office. If he wants perfect freedom, he must seek it outside the limits of his body, inasmuch as he has no right to infringe upon the common agreement which unites him to his fellows. This is so transparently obvious that it is amazing it should have to be pointed out; but it certainly says little for the good faith of those who break the law that they should affect to ignore it. In point of fact, it is not for any remarkable qualities of fervour or oratory that we can discover that the clergymen who wantonly go out of bounds are sought after by the Dissenters, but merely because they happen to be connected with a Church the enemies of which would like to see disaffection sown in its midst. It is only as a breach in the walls of the Establishment that the movement is promoted. We have in Dr. Parker's case a clear enough indication of the ultimate results at which he is aiming. It must be remembered that he is anxious, not only to break up the distinctive character of Church of England teaching, but to spread a sort of teaching which he admires through the country generally. Mr. Beecher is, it seems, his ideal of spiritual perfection. That good man, he said lately, "has done everything that can possibly be expected of the highest integrity and honour," and shows to perfection "the ingenuousness of an honest man." It is well that we should have a measure of this great reformer of English Christianity's standard of integrity, honour, and ingenuousness; and his own conduct in certain matters helps to throw some light in the same direction. "As I have gone through Mr. Beecher's evidence," Dr. Parker tells us, "I have felt again and again that in quoting incidents and dates, and putting together recollections and facts, I should certainly have convicted myself a hundred times over." And then he goes on to start, or rather revive, the theory, for it is a very old one, that great allowance must be made for the excesses of a warm temperament. There are many cases, he says, in which "ministers temperamentally escape a thousand assaults, whose excellence is consequently



a grace rather than a virtue. Great gifts would seem to provoke great temptations." And then he goes on to plead that a certain license must be allowed to men like Mr. Beecher, to whom life is a "glowing dream of liberty and joy," and whose "pulses tingle with a life mysterious and mighty as eternity." It may be believed that Dr. Parker himself hardly realizes the perilous nature of this line of argument, but those who are disposed to think that securities for the purity of religious teaching may be dispensed with would do well to consider how far they are disposed to encourage the sickly and relaxing theories of the Beecher school.

#### A STRANGE BET.

THE Court which used to be called the Queen's Bench has been hearing a case which arose out of a wager as to the rotundity of the earth. It is perhaps doubtful whether a wager properly so called could be made upon this point, because "you cannot win where you cannot lose," and the rotundity of the earth was as well demonstrated long ago as it is ever likely to be. If a man is not convinced by seeing a ship "hull down" at sea, it is useless trying to convince him, and indeed there are persons upon whose belief experiment and observation have not the least effect. It must be said, however, that in this case there was willingness to give philosophy a chance. Mr. Hampden offered by advertisement to deposit 500*l.* "on reciprocal terms," defying all philosophers, divines, or professors, to prove the rotundity of the earth from Scripture, reason, or science, and engaging to forfeit the deposit on the exhibition to an intelligent referee of a convex canal or lake. Mr. Wallace responded to this advertisement, and engaged to stake the like sum on an undertaking to show visibly and to measure the convexity of a canal or lake; and Bala Lake, in North Wales, was suggested for the purpose. The money was accordingly paid into Coutts's bank to the order of Mr. Walsh, who, on a difference arising between the appointed referees, became umpire, and after examining the reports made by them of their experiments, decided that Mr. Wallace had proved the curvature of the Bedford Level Canal to the extent of five feet in six miles. Mr. Walsh hereupon proposed to pay the 1,000*l.* standing in his name to Mr. Wallace, unless he had notice to the contrary from Mr. Hampden. He did receive notice from Mr. Hampden requiring the return of his 500*l.*; but nevertheless he paid the 1,000*l.* to Mr. Wallace, and now Mr. Hampden brought his action against Mr. Walsh to recover his 500*l.*

Assuming, merely for the sake of argument, that the earth is round, it would seem that, by measurement with proper instruments, the convexity of its surface might be demonstrated. If a man measures the height of a wall and then makes a bet upon it, the bet would be void, as he had ascertained the fact beforehand; and it may be said that Mr. Wallace, before he made this bet with Mr. Hampden, knew, at least as well as he ever could know it, that the earth was round. This is not like the case in which a man betted that he had conversed with a certain lord, and the man who took the bet had made inquiries and believed the other man was mistaken. It was said in that case that one party relied on his own observation and the other on information he had received, and either might have been mistaken. Bets are often made against horses starting for a particular race, and of course those who make them only believe that the horse will not start, and therefore the bets are accounted fair. For certain races there usually is a horse as to which this kind of belief is entertained, and it is strangely apt to turn out correct. In a case in which a man betted against himself on his examination for admission as an attorney, the bet was held to be void, because one of the parties had the event in his own hands. The plaintiff promised the defendant to provide eight bottles of wine of great value—to wit, of the value of five shillings each—ready to be consumed by the parties and their friends in case the defendant should not pass his examination; and the defendant promised the plaintiff to provide eight bottles of wine of similar value, and with similar destination, in case the defendant should pass. The examination took place, and the defendant did pass; and, although a reasonable time for providing the said eight bottles of wine had elapsed, and although the plaintiff and his friends were ready and willing to drink and consume, together with the defendant and his friends, the said wine so to be provided, of which the defendant then had notice, yet the defendant would not provide the said eight bottles of wine or any part thereof. Such was the form of declaration in an action forty or more years ago. There was a demurrer, and counsel argued in support of it that the declaration was uncertain, as the kind of wine should have been specified and the number of friends. The Court, regretting that its time should be occupied with such a question, of which, be it observed, the pecuniary value was forty shillings, held that there was a fatal objection to the contract—namely, that one of the parties had the event in his own hands.

These cases occurred before pleading and practice were reformed, and under the old common law by which wagers, speaking generally, were legal. But since 1845 all contracts of gaming or wagering are void, and no suit shall be brought for recovering any money alleged to be won upon any wager, or which shall have been deposited to abide the event on which any wager shall have been made. If, therefore, we take this wager on the rotundity of the earth to have been a lawful wager under the common law, it would still be void under the statute. Mr. Hampden might have got

back his money if he had given notice to the stakeholder before the event was decided. This point was settled soon after the passing of the Act. When a party seeks to recover his deposit from a stakeholder upon a repudiation of the wager, this cannot be considered as an action brought for recovering money alleged to be won upon a wager, nor is it an action brought to recover a sum deposited to abide the event of a wager. That must mean an action to be sustained on the ground of the existence and determination of the wager. But here the money is not claimed upon that ground. The plaintiff's argument would be that the sum he seeks to recover is money which belongs to him, and which the defendant has no right to keep, and which he is under no legal or moral obligation to pay to anybody else. But the question whether Mr. Hampden would be entitled to reclaim his money after the event was decided is perhaps more difficult. We find, indeed, a case belonging to the time when wagers were generally legal which decides that, if a sum be deposited upon the event of an illegal wager, the loser may recover back his deposit after the event. The defendant in that case had bet the plaintiff 300*l.* to 100*l.* that peace would be made between England and France before 11th September, 1797; and the defendant had received beforehand 100*l.* from the plaintiff, just as is done, or used to be done, by professional bettors dealing with the public on a racecourse. As peace was not made, the defendant had lost his bet, which he did not pay. The plaintiff sued him, and stated the contract in his declaration, but it was admitted by his counsel that this bet was illegal on grounds of public policy, and that he could not recover on the contract. But he was allowed to get back his 100*l.* There is some confusion in the report of this case which purports to show that "the loser may recover back his deposit after the event of the wager"; whereas, on the facts stated, it appears that the plaintiff was the winner, inasmuch as the defendant had undertaken to pay him 300*l.* if peace were not settled in 1797, and certainly peace was not made in that year. But, whatever were the facts of the case, the Court said that it was more consonant to policy and justice that "wherever money has been paid upon an illegal consideration, it may be recovered back again by the party who has thus improperly paid it, than, by denying the remedy, to give effect to the illegal contract." The wager in that case was undoubtedly illegal, and now all wagers are "null and void" at law, and the question is, what difference does that make? In a recent case the plaintiff and defendant had agreed to ride a race each on his own horse, and both the horses were to become the property of the winner. The defendant won the race, and took possession of the plaintiff's horse, and an action was brought for its recovery. The Court of Exchequer decided for the plaintiff on the ground that the agreement was void, and that no property in the horse passed to the defendant under the agreement. There is a proviso in the Act of 1845 that it shall not apply to any subscription to any plate or prize of any lawful game; and it was contended that the parties in this case had each subscribed his horse towards a prize to be awarded to the winner of the race, and that this was the same thing as subscribing money; but the Court did not think it was. This argument being disposed of, the plaintiff won easily in Court, although beaten on the turf, and he got back his horse. It would seem to follow from this case that, if there had been a bet on some matter not within the proviso as to "lawful games," and the money had been deposited with a stakeholder, and the loser had given notice to the stakeholder after the event not to part with the money, the loser would be entitled to get back his stake; and, if so, his claim would not be weakened by the fact that the stakeholder, after notice, had paid the money to the supposed winner. It has, as we have seen, been decided that, on notice before the event, the money may be recovered, and the same reasoning seems to be applicable after the event. In either case the argument would be that the plaintiff is seeking to recover money which belongs to him, and which the defendant has no right to keep, and which he is under no legal or moral obligation to pay to anybody else. And if the stakeholder is under no moral obligation to pay over the money to the supposed winner, he could not defeat the claim made upon him by so paying it.

Thus we come to the point which is now under consideration of the Court. We gather from a brief report of the case that this point was argued, and the defendant's counsel further contended that this was not a wager, but a contract on certain terms and conditions which had been performed and completed. We could not deal with this argument without fully hearing it, and besides, that is the province of the Court. But we may say that, if this be not a wager, it is difficult to tell what it is. "A wager is something staked by each of two parties in support of his own opinion concerning a future or unknown event." If this definition be accepted, the only question is whether the "event" in this case could reasonably be said to be "unknown." If it be a wager in substance, you cannot make it less so by calling it a contract. We will venture, by way of further illustration of the subject, to suppose a bet on the result of this case which is now pending. Setting aside the statute and the legal objections which would always have existed to a bet on the decision of a Court, it is conceived that this bet would be fair; and yet we sometimes hear that the law exists, and that everybody ought to know it, although really the law is made by the decision of the Court. To some minds, perhaps, the laws of physical science appear to be no more fixed than the laws which are administered in Westminster Hall.

## REVIEWS.

## A BYZANTINE EPIC.\*

THE manuscript epic now translated for the first time by MM. Sathas and Legrand is one, they tell us, preserved in the public library attached to the Greek School at Trebizond, to which it was presented by M. Sabbas Joannidis, one of the professors. It comprised ten books, and the gaps which are occasionally to be found in it are not sufficient greatly to mar the continuity of the narrative.

The translators have done their work in a most complete fashion. Their translation, which is in prose, is accompanied by the entire Greek text, a page of which, on the left hand, corresponds as closely as possible to the French page on the right. Then come annotations and a glossary of such words as will be new to those who have not studied "ecclesiastical Greek." Not content with giving their literal translation of the epic, MM. Sathas and Legrand put into their introduction a very full argument of each of the ten books. The main object of this introduction, however, is to show the historical importance of the hero, Digenis Akritas, as the last survivor of the two illustrious families who represented the closing struggles of Iconoclasm in the Byzantine Empire. To arrive at this point the editors give a succinct history of the troubles that commenced with the reforms of the Isaurian, and continued for a long series of years. We content ourselves with apprising our readers of the fact, and proceed at once to a description of the epic, in which nothing approaching Iconoclasm is ever mentioned. We begin with the second book, the first being entirely lost.

Mousour, a Syrian Ameer, attacks a fortress in Cappadocia belonging to Andronikos Doukas, and kills all the women whom he finds there, with the exception of the daughter of Andronikos, of whom he has become enamoured, and whom he carries off. The five brothers, looking for her body among the corpses and not finding it, vow vengeance against the Ameer, and proceed to attack him at once. No sooner are they in his presence than they draw their swords and threaten to kill him instantly if he will not give up their sister. On being asked by the Ameer who they are, the eldest of them, Konstantinos, vaunts the nobility of their race, and the Ameer in return extols his own lineage. As a reward for his great valour, shown on various occasions, he has been raised by the Arabs to his present high position. Of the maiden he has carried off he is deeply enamoured, and if her brothers will allow him to become her husband, he is prepared to abjure the path of Islam and follow them into Romania. The scene that immediately follows we give in the original, as a brief but favourable specimen of the poet's manner:—

Ἐκείνοι δὲ ὡς ἤκουσαν, μετὰ περικρατείας  
τὴν τένταν ἀνέστικσαν καὶ ἐνδοθεν εἰσῆλθον,  
καὶ εὖρον κλίνην πάντερπνον, γύρῳ χρυσεωμένῃ,  
καμίνην οὖσαν εἰς τὴν γῆν, ἔσθῳ δὲ τὴν κόρην  
ταύτην τὴν γῆν κατέβρεξαν ἐκ τῶν πολλῶν δακρύων  
ἀπὸ καρδίας βρυγματος τῆς ἀπληρώτου λύπης.  
Ὅς οὖν εἶδεν τοὺς ἀδελφοὺς ἄφνω ἐλθόντας οὕτως,  
καὶ ὡς λειποθυμήσαντας ἐκ τῆς ἀμέτρου λύπης,  
ἀνίστη αὖθις ἐξ αὐτῆς καὶ πρὸς ἐκείνους ἦλθε,  
καὶ τοῖτους μετ' ἐκπλήξεως ἑκαστον κατεφίλει.  
Ἢ ἀπροσδόκητος χαρὰ, ἔλθουσα παρ' ἐπιβῆ  
ὁμοίως φέρει δάκρυα θλίψεων τε καὶ πόνων.

[When they heard this, they joyfully opened the tent, and on entering it found a magnificent bed, gilt all round, placed upon the ground, and in it the maiden they sought. They bedewed the ground with their abundant tears, caused by the boundless grief that gnawed their hearts. When the maiden saw her brothers thus suddenly enter, almost fainting from their immeasurable grief, she rose and advanced towards them, and kissed them all with rapture. Unexpected and unlooked-for joy causes tears like anguish and trouble.]

\*Some readers will doubtless note the unclassical word *τένταν*. *Tenta* came into the language at a comparatively early period.

Matters having been pleasantly settled, the brothers take their departure, and are shortly afterwards followed by the Ameer, who assembles his retainers, and brings with him his bride. As soon as he has touched Christian soil, he magnanimously releases all his prisoners. In the meanwhile the brothers have advised their mother of both of the joyful events that have taken place. The good old lady, who bears the honourable title *στρατήγισσα* (say Mrs. General), returns thanks to Heaven, but has serious misgivings as to the manner in which her daughter will be treated by the Ameer. Nevertheless, when the sons and the daughter and the Ameer arrive together, they are splendidly received, and all the mother's uneasiness is dissipated by the gallant appearance of her son-in-law. The mother of the Ameer, on the other hand, who resides at Edessa (Roha), does not take things so agreeably, but writes a long and severe letter to her son, reminding him of the hatred with which his ancestors ever regarded the Greeks, and adding that the Arabs, having learned his apostacy, have threatened to kill her and his children. In conclusion she implores him to return, attempting to soothe him with a permission to bring with him his young wife. The Arab messengers who are entrusted with this epistle proceed to Romania under the guidance of a Greek, and encamp at a place called Leukopetra, not far from the

Doukas fortress. They have brought horses with them, and when they send to the Ameer they add their own counsel that he should take advantage of the moonlight and depart at once. The Ameer is deeply affected by his mother's words, and goes to the apartment of his wife, whom, after explaining his position, he implores to accompany him to Syria, promising that they shall return within a month. She wishes to consult her brothers, but to this the Ameer objects, and at length, with reluctance, she consents to accompany him clandestinely. In the meanwhile the younger brother dreams of a dove pursued by a hawk, and the eldest, being of opinion that their sister is menaced with some peril, they all go to Leukopetra and frighten the Arabs into a confession of the truth. On their return home a domestic trouble arises, the brothers reproaching the Ameer, the Ameer upbraiding his wife with treachery, and the lady protesting her innocence. At last all comes to a satisfactory compromise, and it is arranged that the Ameer shall visit his mother alone, on the understanding that his absence will not be long, and in ten days he sets off, having solemnly sworn that he will never abandon his wife or Basileios, the infant to whom she expects to give birth. On his road he encounters a huge lion, whom he kills with a club, and whose teeth and claws he extracts to serve as playthings for his child. After a few days' journey Edessa is reached, the mother receives her son with delight, and a splendid feast is prepared in honour of his arrival. When he has told his story, he repeats the Christian Creed at length, and argues so effectually in favour of his new faith that his mother in her turn resolves to abjure Islam rather than part with him; and so edifying is his discourse that all present are converted likewise.

When the Ameer returns with his mother to Cappadocia they stop by the way at Bagdad, whence he sends on to his wife two hundred camels and a hundred mules, all laden with costly presents; and when he has reached the frontier, he puts on a turban enriched with diamonds and a tunic embroidered with pearls, and, mounted on a superb courser, hurries to his wife, accompanied by three retainers, having resolved to be the first to bring the news of his return. A scene of general delight ensues, one of the grand features in which is the rapture of the Ameer on beholding his infant son, born during his absence.

This son is the hero of the poem, and all that has preceded his own appearance as a prominent figure may be regarded as merely introductory. He is called Basileios Digenis Akritas—Digenis, because he combines within himself two races, the Greek and the Arab; Akritas, because he was guardian of the fortress (*ἀκραι*); and Basileios, because he was so christened. In his earliest youth he proves that he is a marvel. He makes rapid progress in literature (*γράμματα*), dexterously wields the sword and the lance, and is an expert wrestler. At the age of twelve, with the reluctant consent of his father, who accompanies him together with his uncle Konstantinos, he hunts wild beasts. A bear springs upon him, he seizes it by the throat, and kills it; a terrified deer bounds from the wood, he pursues it, catches it, seizes it by the foot, and rends it in twain. Lookers-on wonder much, but they soon wonder still more, for, a lioness appearing, the young hero, having by his uncle's advice drawn his sword, darts upon her and cleaves her head to the shoulders. Then, after washing himself at a spring, he puts on rich dresses, and rides home to his mother on a mare whose trappings are of corresponding magnificence. When the military education of Basileios is completed, his father the Ameer retires into his palace with his wife and the children he has had by Mahometan predecessors, and devotes himself to religious meditation. The youth, on the other hand, commences a brilliant career. Having heard of certain brigands called "Apelates" who occupy the mountain defiles, he resolves to make their acquaintance, and contrives to obtain an introduction to their chief Philopappos, an old man whom he finds stretched upon a bed composed of the skins of wild beasts. He tells the veteran that he wishes to join his band. He is informed that he must pass through a severe ordeal. Armed with no other weapon than a club, he is to stand as a sentinel for a fortnight, without food or sleep, then he is to kill lions, and then he is to do much more which a gap in the manuscript forces us to sum up with an " &c." Basileios does indeed take the club, but instead of obeying the other orders, he attacks single-handed the Apelates themselves, and, having disarmed them all, brings back their clubs to Philopappos, telling the old man that, if he does not like this present, he will treat him in the same fashion. He then returns to his father, and from this date his name is a terror to the doers of evil.

Now begins what is sometimes called a "female interest." One Doukas, who is the general of a neighbouring province, has a lovely daughter, named Eudoxia, the praises of whose beauty have reached the ears of Digenis. He accordingly contrives, at the end of a hunting expedition, to place himself near her father's palace, and to sing so sweetly that she at once falls in love with him. As it would be inexpedient for her to lean out of the window, she orders her nurse to look at the singer, and the report of the nurse is so favourable that she peeps at him through a crevice in the wall, and is confirmed in her good opinion. Digenis himself proposes marriage to the lady's father, who, oddly enough, discourses with him in the disguise of a servant, but old Doukas is decidedly against the alliance. Digenis, however, does not lose heart; clandestine love passages, by means of the crevice, are interchanged, and at last an elopement takes place, the particulars whereof, told in two hundred lines, are engulphed in a vast *lacuna*; but we find that the fugitives are pursued by the brothers of the lady, who are knocked down without much injury

\* *Les exploits de Digenis Akritas, épopée byzantine du dixième siècle.* Publiée pour la première fois d'après le manuscrit unique de Trébizonde. Par G. Sathas et E. Legrand. Paris: Maisonneuve. 1875.



by Digenis, and the old Doukas, who now appears in *propria persona*, consents to the match, and is invited to the wedding, which is celebrated in Cappadocia with unprecedented magnificence. After the termination of the nuptial festivities, which last for three months, and the departure of his father-in-law, Digenis takes the place of his father as guardian of the frontier, and now first acquires the title "Akritis." The office, however, does not satisfy his love for adventure, and he determines to travel about with no other companions than his wife and his servants. His tents accompany him everywhere, and the wedded pair support life without difficulty on a diet of birds, deer, goats, and wild boars. The Emperor Romanos I. sends him a respectful invitation, but he prefers a meeting on the banks of the Euphrates, where many civilities are interchanged.

In the month of May, the beauties of which are lauded by the poet with the enthusiasm of a German Minnesänger, Digenis sets up his tents in a flowery meadow, which is most elaborately described, and one fine day, while he is taking a siesta, Eudoxia, who goes to wash her feet in a limpid stream, is assailed by an enormous dragon, who takes the form of a handsome young man. Her shrieks bring her husband to the rescue, and the monster resumes the three heads which pertain to his normal condition. He is, however, speedily despatched by the hero's sword, and a lion who springs from a mound is killed with a club. Nor does trouble end here. Returning to his tent after his double victory, Digenis amuses himself by playing on the lyre, accompanied by his wife's voice, and so admirable is the performance that it attracts an audience consisting of three hundred Apelates, who, not knowing with whom they have to deal, threaten to put him to death if he will not give up Eudoxia. But the conventional British tar who was more than a match for six Frenchmen was a puny whipster compared with Digenis, who, armed with club and shield, completely puts the marauders to rout, with much loss of life.

Other adventures, interrupted by gaps, follow. A victory, which Digenis gains over the brigand chief Philopappos, brings with it a new interest; for the chief, bent on vengeance, seeks and obtains an alliance with a female warrior named Maximo, reputed to be a descendant of the brave Amazons whom King Alexander brought from the country of the Brahmins—

ὁ βασιλεὺς Ἀλέξανδρος ἤγαγεν ἐκ Βραχμάνων.

His object, he explains, is to carry off a young lady of whom Joannikos, another chief, related to Maximo, is enamoured, and who has somehow fallen into the hands of a warrior who is living with her at a place called Trósis. Of course the old man means Digenis and Eudoxia. Maximo promises him assistance, and gives Philopappos one hundred picked men, headed by her chief warrior Melemendzis. Guided by Philopappos, the troop soon reaches the spot where Digenis is stationed; but the attack has been foreseen, and the young hero is perched upon a rock whence he can overlook the movements of his enemies. Noticing the position taken by Digenis, Philopappos points him out to Melemendzis, and gives his opinion that the safest plan will be to carry off Eudoxia without attacking her husband; but the gallant warrior thinks the scheme shabby, and refuses to have anything to do with it. In a short time Maximo herself arrives, and, hearing that Digenis is travelling about alone with his young wife, loads Philopappos with reproaches. Why did he persuade her to bring an army against one man whom she could exterminate single-handed? To justify her words Maximo advances to the Euphrates to attack Digenis, who is stationed on the opposite side; but he politely entreats her not to cross the river, as it is the duty of a man to put himself out of the way when his antagonist is a lady, and he follows up the utterance by fording the river. Maximo receives him with her lance, which is, however, shivered against his solid armour, and when she attempts to draw her sword he smites the mare upon which she is seated, and she falls to the ground. Her entreaty that her life may be spared is of course granted, all the other adversaries of Digenis are killed or put to flight, and in the end Maximo, after expressing her admiration for her adversary, implores him to meet her in single combat on the following morning. In the fight that ensues Digenis is of course the victor, but there is between the combatants a more than amicable reconciliation, which is not without its parallel in history.

Having pacified the whole of Romania, the hero returns to his palace in the Euphrates, the marvels of which are described at length. During the remainder of his life peace is never disturbed in the region which is under his command; but he dies at the early age of thirty-three, having first buried his father and mother, and his beloved Eudoxia, who attends him to the last, does not long survive him. Thus ends the epic, the gaps in which are in some cases filled up with the aid of popular songs relating to the same hero.

#### DAWSON'S DAWN OF LIFE.\*

SINCE the lamented death of Sir William Logan, whose authority first impressed the world with the great discovery of the Laurentian series of fossil-bearing strata, no one can have a better claim than Dr. Dawson to take up the wondrous tale. Having been called upon to assist, so to say, at the second birth of the

earliest known of organic forms, it befits him to record from the first the history of its disinterment from the tomb of geological ages, to define and vindicate its place amongst recognized animal organisms, and to indicate the bearing of this new and momentous range of facts upon the science alike of to-day and of the future. The tale of the discovery itself has never been told with anything like the fulness and clearness with which Dr. Dawson has now brought it before the public. The way for it was undoubtedly prepared by the careful surveys of the Canadian beds made by Sir W. Logan and his assistants, as well as by the chemical examinations of Dr. Sterry Hunt into the structure and composition of the rocks and minerals, and those of Dr. Carpenter and others into the comparative nature of the shells and minor organisms of existing kinds at great submarine depths, illustrating the mode in which the pores of these minute skeletons became infiltrated with mineral matter when deposited at the sea bottom. Some specimens collected at Burgess, in Ontario, by a veteran mineralogist of Canada, Dr. Wilson, were sent by him to Sir W. Logan as minerals remarkable for their structure, with the result that certain laminae of a dark green mineral pervading them was found on analysis by Dr. Hunt to be composed of a new hydrous silicate, allied to serpentine, which he named Loganite. No suspicion of its organic nature arose at that time. Some years later, in 1858, other specimens differently mineralized with serpentine and pyroxene were found in the limestone of the Grand Calumet, on the Ottawa river. Struck with the resemblance of these mineral forms to the Silurian fossils known as *Stromatopora*, Sir W. Logan showed them to Dr. Dawson as well as to Mr. Billings, the palaeontologist of the Survey, suggesting with his wonted sagacity that they were too much alike in form, though mineralized by different substances, to be merely mineral or concretionary. A professional reputation was hardly to be risked upon the speculation of these specimens being organic. But it was wisely suggested by Dr. Dawson that slices of them should be examined microscopically, anticipating that, if really fossils, while presenting merely concentric laminae and no cells, they would prove to be protozoa rather than corals. No organic structure was, however, in the first instance detected, nor was any definite belief evoked by Sir W. Logan's exhibition of some of the specimens as possibly Laurentian fossils at the Springfield meeting of the American Association in the following year. With the exception of Professor Ramsay, Sir William found none of his zoological friends more disposed to listen to him in London in 1862. A reference to specimens from the Calumet as probably Laurentian fossils was made in the General Report of the Geological Survey in 1868. It was about this time, we learn from our author, that he was led by a conversation with Dr. Hunt upon the mineralization of fossils to have some fresh specimens prepared for the microscope. He was delighted to find in one of the earliest specimens examined a well-defined group of tubuli, or organic canals, penetrating one of the calcite layers, giving proof, not only of these layers representing the true skeleton of the fossil, but also of its having affinities with the Foraminifera, whose tubulated supplemental skeleton, as delineated by Dr. Carpenter, was evidently of the same type. Greeted with enthusiasm by Sir W. Logan, the announcement was received with determined scepticism by a great number of geologists, nor can it be said that all doubt as to the organic nature of the *Eozoon Canadense*, as it was appropriately named by Dr. Dawson, has subsided at the present hour. Hence the value of the work before us, in which cumulative proofs of the fact which the writer was foremost in proclaiming are brought together in a form intelligible to all readers.

The draught which the first announcement made upon scientific belief was indeed sufficiently startling to excite some tardiness of reception. To be suddenly called upon to admit the existence of organic remains in rocks which had all along been regarded as altogether azoic and hopelessly barren of fossils was to put a strain upon geological orthodoxy. Then came the estimate of the range of life opened by the depth of these deposits. Taking together the three great series pervaded by the newly-discovered organisms, the Lower and Upper Laurentian and the Huronian, their united thickness extending to at least 15,000 feet in the earth's crust, it became probable that the time which went to the deposition of these masses was not much less than that which made up the entire range of geological life from the end of that age to this. The dawn of life was carried as far back beyond the so-called primordial rocks which had been held to contain its first traces, as these were removed beyond living action or experience, making what has been considered the birth of the primeval fauna an introduction of comparatively modern date. And all this upon the evidence of a single minute fossil of a character little recognizable by geologists, if not wholly wrought out of a creative fancy. The time moreover was not ripe for the accurate appreciation of the evidence in question, our knowledge of the lower forms of life in general, as well as of the structure of minerals and of the conditions of mineralization of organic remains, being far below what it is now. Since that time further allied forms of the same fossil have been met with, not only in the Upper Laurentian or Huronian series of the North American continent, but in Laurentian limestones in Massachusetts and New York, approximate types of foraminifera being yielded by the succeeding palaeozoic rocks. Specimens of eozoon were found in a dark micaceous limestone at Tudor, in Ontario, as little metamorphosed as many Silurian fossils. Soon the organism was recognized in Bavaria and elsewhere in Europe. The mode of occurrence of all these forms in the limestone beds, the interpenetration of their tubular spiracles by lime

\* *The Dawn of Life; being the History of the Oldest Known Fossil Remains, and their Relations to Geological Time and to the Development of the Animal Kingdom.* By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1875.

or calcite, and their association with layers of fragmentary eozone, were strictly in accordance with the theory that these old Laurentian limestones were truly marine deposits, entombing the remains of the minute sea animals of their time. Nor did eozone, although the most prominent exponent, remain the only witness to the great fact of Laurentian life. Fragments of a different organic structure were met with, besides casts in siliceous matter, betokening smaller species of foraminifera. Carbon is found in the Laurentian rocks in the form of graphite or plumbago, and that not wholly or even mainly in veins or fissures, but in the substance of the limestone or gneiss, in regular layers. Such is the abundance of it that our author estimates the amount of carbon in one division of the Lower Laurentian of the Ottawa district at an aggregate thickness of not less than twenty or thirty feet, not inferior to that of our true coal measures. Now we know of no agency in past geological time capable of deoxidizing carbonic acid, and fixing its carbon as an ingredient in permanent rocks, other than vegetable life. Unless, then, we are to suppose that there existed in the Laurentian age a vast abundance of vegetation, either in the sea or on land, we have no means of explaining the origin of the Laurentian graphite. Of worm burrows, again, very perfect traces exist, at least in rocks of the upper eozone age, though not, our author considers, in the Lower Laurentian series. Great beds of oxide of iron are also met with, sometimes seventy feet in thickness. Whence could these have come save from the deoxidizing agency which vegetable matter exerts? Such has been the efficient cause in producing bedded deposits of iron, in the case of modern bog and lake ores, in the clay iron-stones of the coal measures, and apparently also in the great ore beds of the Silurian rocks. May not similar causes, Dr. Dawson asks, have been at work in the Laurentian period? Any one of these reasons might in itself scarcely suffice to establish the existence of abundant animal and vegetable life in the Laurentian age; but the cumulative force of so many evidences leaves little room for doubt with regard to the main proposition. It would even seem that the Laurentian graphite represents an exuberant amount of vegetable growth in those old seas, corresponding to the great supplies of carbonic acid in the atmosphere and the waters; the eozone ocean, moreover, having been even richer in carbonate of lime than those Silurian seas whose vast limestone sediment we are able to measure.

Microscopic examination has made it possible to define the structure of eozone with approximate clearness. In this ancient fossil we have the skeleton of a creature belonging to that simple and humbly-organized group of animals which are known as protozoa. As a familiar example of this group we may take the common *amoeba* of stagnant pools. Viewed under a low magnifying power, this is a small patch of jelly or protoplasm, irregular in form, and constantly changing its aspect as it moves, throwing out finger-like processes or pseudo-pods as extempore limbs. Seeming to flow rather than to creep along the microscopic slide, its body appears to be of a semi-fluid consistency. On closer examination signs of a higher organization appear. Its outer layer is found to be clear or transparent, and more dense than the inner mass, which seems granular. At one end a curious vesicle can be seen gradually to expand, and to become filled with a clear drop of liquid, which, by a sudden contraction, it expels through a series of pores in its outer tissue. This, which is known as the percolating vesicle, is the organ both of circulation and excretion. In another part of the body may be seen the nucleus, a little cell capable at certain times of producing by its division new individuals. Food taken in through the wall of the body is seen to undergo a digestive change, the long arms or processes into which the outer layers of the body extend themselves serving for prehension as well as locomotion. Destitute as these creatures are of the traits held in general most proper to animals, they appear to exercise a degree of volition, and show the same appetites and passions with animals of a higher type. Equally simple in type, but somewhat differently organized, *Actinophrys*, another of the fresh-water class of protozoa, illustrates the varieties of form and structure to be noted among these simple creatures. In the sea are living swarms of equally simple organization, but having the power of secreting around their soft bodies exquisitely minute shells or crusts of carbonate of lime, having a single orifice, and in many cases multitudes of microscopic pores through which the soft gelatinous matter can ooze, and form outside long extensible fringe-like processes for collecting food. The shell may consist of a single cavity only; but oftener, after one cell is completed, others are added, forming a series of cells or chambers communicating with each other, and often spirally or otherwise arranged in most symmetrical and beautiful forms. Some of these creatures, usually termed *foraminifera*, have the power of motion; others are locally attached and sessile. Much larger forms than any now known to exist were abundant in the earlier geological seas, growing in the same manner as these smaller species by the accretion of successive additional chambers, and constituting in the end thick beds of calcareous matter, such as the chalk and nummulitic limestone of Europe and the orbitoidal limestone of America. The structure of eozone under the microscope, defined with great clearness in the illustrations of Dr. Dawson, shows the place to be assigned to it in this series. He has felt himself enabled to give us a restoration, on a magnified scale, of the aspect which it may be conceived to have presented in life, showing the calcareous skeleton or framework, a series of more or less rounded chambers, the animal matter or tissues filling up these chambers and constituting the living and secreting organism, and the *tubuli*, canals or *pseudopodia*, rising up

for the prehension of the food which the animal drew from the waters. In fossil specimens the skeleton is represented by a white crystalline marble, and the cavities of the cells by green serpentine, filling by subsequent interjection the place of the living tissues. The lowest layer of serpentine represents the first gelatinous coat of animal matter which grew upon the sea bottom, resembling, whilst as yet no shell was formed upon its surface, the shapeless film of living slime found in some parts of the deep-sea bed, and named *Bathybius*, or the pulpy sarcodæ of sponges or corals. By the process of gradual secretion there grew upon this primary layer a delicate calcareous shell, perforated by innumerable minute tubuli and by some larger pores or septal orifices for the passage of the soft gelatinous matter which hardened into the branching pseudopods or tentacles for the seizure of food, as well as for the nourishment of the skeleton itself. So were formed, layer by layer, the successive growths of sarcodæ and of calcareous framework, spreading at the same time by lateral extension, and by upward growth; the vitality of the lower layers becoming in turn exhausted, and the living process creeping upwards throughout innumerable ages till the result was a solid building of cellular limestone thousands of feet in thickness. What length of time subsequently went to the upheaval of these massive strata, so as to form the lofty cliffs and escarpments which they now exhibit to the eye, is a problem in itself too difficult for the resources of science. But the mind reels under the attempts to realize the ages which must have elapsed whilst these minute and delicate organisms were heaping up their calcareous and siliceous *débris* at unknown ocean depths, to be followed as world-builders by the no less patiently working stromatopore of the Silurian and Devonian systems, the globigerine and their allies in the Chalk, and the nummulites and miliolites in the Eocene. Of the ultimate origin or beginning of anything, science, if she speaks at all, speaks with bated breath. By what process or at what point of time life first began to stir in the waters and to take to itself a form and an organism, we are as far as ever from being able to express in words. Whether from these simple and elementary types were evolved all the varieties, widely differing and infinitely graduated, in which we know life now to exist, is the question which may be said for the present to be the most difficult within the range of science. Are these primordial forms even now extinct? May we hope to see a veritable specimen of eozone dredged up alive from the depths of the Atlantic or the Pacific? Even this would not surprise Dr. Dawson, seeing that living congeners have been found working at the plastic ooze which is the rudimentary form of chalk. But beyond doubt we have in the lowly form around which he has thrown so much new interest the means of studying the phenomena of life at its earliest traceable point of dawn.

#### LONGFELLOW'S MASQUE OF PANDORA.\*

AMONG the varied successes and failures of newer men, it is pleasant to welcome yet another gift from the veteran but unfaltering hand of the poet in whose song a fellow-countryman and fellow-poet has said that

Limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds  
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong  
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,  
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

On this side of the Atlantic Mr. Longfellow has for many years been the best known and most read of American poets; and his popularity is of the right kind, and rightly and fairly won. He has not stooped to catch attention by artifice, nor striven to force it by violence. His works have faced the test of parody and burlesque (which in these days is almost the common lot of writings of any mark), and have come off unharmed. We may scarcely reckon him among the masters of verse in its complete height and depth. We must not seek here for the consummate grandeur of emotion or contemplation. But he walks in regions fair and beloved of the Muses, if apart from tragic pomp and lyric shout; and in these it is good to follow him, and to give thankful ears to a music which we may find one day to have a secret of its own. He is always a true and genuine poet, if not a great one; and his work is healthy and natural with a freshness and serenity which have not recovered themselves, as is often the case, after first losing themselves in any of the manifold dangers of art, but which have never for a moment been lost.

The eponymous poem of the present collection is "The Masque of Pandora," a mixed dramatic and lyric interlude, presenting the well-known myth in a simple and straightforward construction, though with considerable expansion of its original elements. The scene opens in the workshop of Hephaestus, who sees his handiwork, till then but a perfect statue, quickened by the breath of Zeus. The Graces salute her in a chorus, of which one part is in the form of a sonnet—an experiment in lyrical dialogue allowable to a skilled hand, but not to be rashly imitated. Then comes a fruitless errand of Hermes to Prometheus, who will have none of the gods or of their gifts, and sends Pandora back with her conductor. Not so Epimetheus, in whose house we next find her, happy and accepted by him at the hands of the gods with unquestioning happiness. They are interrupted by Prometheus, and after an exchange of single lines between him and Epimetheus (we leave it to Mr. Lowell to find a good word for Mr. Longfellow's

\* *The Masque of Pandora; and other Poems.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Routledge & Sons. 1875.



*στυγνότης* as best he can, after his treatment of Mr. Swinburne's a few years back), Epimetheus is prevailed on to fly with him from the dangerous guest. A chorus of nature-powers winds up the scene with some verses which in fullness of harmony and meaning excel the writer's usual work. The final strophe runs thus:—

## CHORUS OF GREADES.

These are the Voices Three  
Of winds and forests and fountains,  
Voices of earth and of air,  
Murmur and rushing of streams,  
Making together one sound,  
The mysterious voice of the mountains,  
Waking the sluggard that sleeps,  
Waking the dreamer of dreams.

These are the Voices Three,  
That speak of endless endeavor,  
Speak of endurance and strength,  
Triumph and fulness of fame,  
Sounding about the world,  
An inspiration forever,  
Stirring the hearts of men,  
Shaping their end and their aim

Faithful to the local colour of fatalism which, whether in particular cases of an earlier date or consciously superinduced when the myth became moralized, is so characteristic of the Greek tales, the poet makes the catastrophe result surely and speedily from the very precautions taken to avert it. Pandora, left alone in Epimetheus's house, is assailed by dreams of false promise—which, by an allowable extension of classic imagery, proclaim themselves capable of circumventing the guard even if the ivory gate is watched—and opens the fatal chest. When Epimetheus comes home it is to a desolate place strewn with the wrecks of storm, and the scene is closed in trouble, not unrelieved, however, by hope and good omens. What is left but to die? asks Pandora. Epimetheus answers:—

Youth, hope, and love  
To build a new life on a ruined life,  
To make the future fairer than the past,  
And make the past appear a troubled dream.  
Even now in passing through the garden walks  
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest  
Ruined and full of rain; and over me  
Beheld the uncomplaining birds already  
Busy in building a new habitation.

The piece is as a whole remarkable for grace and facility, and chiefly for these qualities rather than for others to which the theme itself would seem congenial; for this very reason, perhaps, it has been fitly entitled a *Masque*—a kind of composition which gives ample room to fancy and invention without pledging the poet to any ambitious undertaking. The form, and to some extent the tone and subjects of the choric interruptions, recall Goethe's lyrical work in *Faust* and elsewhere. Not that one can point out direct imitation, but the general movement and manner are transplanted into English verse. A few stanzas from the chorus of the Eumenides (after Epimetheus's reception of Pandora) will show this:—

What the Immortals  
Confide to thy keeping,  
Tell unto no man;  
Waking or sleeping,  
Closed be thy portals  
To friend as to foe-man.  
Silence conceals it;  
The word that is spoken  
Betrays and reveals it;  
By breath or by token  
The charm may be broken.  
With shafts of their splendors  
The Gods unforgiving  
Pursue the offenders,  
The dead and the living!  
Fortune forsakes them,  
Nor earth shall abide them,  
Nor Tartarus hide them;  
Swift wrath overtakes them!

Before we pass on to the other poems, we may note that the English reprint has the usual *Cybele* in one line where the metre requires, and Mr. Longfellow probably wrote, the other form, *Cybele*.

"The Hanging of the Crane" is a charming series of verses written by way of prophetic description on the inauguration of a new household by a custom of which, however familiar it may be in New England, most English readers would be glad to have some further account than is conveyed by the brief mention of it in the poem itself. The vision begins with the solitary happiness of bride and bridegroom; then comes

A royal guest with flaxen hair,  
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,  
Drums on the table with his spoon,  
Then drops it careless on the floor,  
To grasp at things unseen before.

Child-poetry is notoriously difficult in undertaking, and rare in success. Mr. Longfellow has here added to the successes. Thus proceeds his study of infant despotism:—

Are these celestial manners . . .  
The ways that win, the arts that please?  
Ah yes; consider well the guest,  
And whatsoever he does seems best;  
He ruleth by the right divine  
Of helplessness, so lately born  
In purple chambers of the morn,  
As sovereign over thee and thine.

And now, O monarch absolute,  
Thy power is put to proof; for, lo!  
Resistless, fathomless, and slow  
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,  
And pushes back thy chair and thee,  
And so good night to King Canute.

The dream still looks forward; the guests increase, disperse; the parents are again alone. But not alone to the end:—

After a day of cloud and wind and rain  
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,  
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,  
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,  
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring  
Drops down into the night.

The last sight of them is on a golden wedding-day, where they look well pleased upon their descendants gathered round them.

"Morituri Salutamus" is a poem for the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Longfellow's class in Bowdoin College. The social bond kept up at the American Universities between the men of the same class, or year, as we should call it in England, is a peculiar institution, which has among other consequences the production of such occasional pieces as this by men of high rank in literature. Here it takes the form of an elegy—of graceful and chastened melancholy, but still an elegy—on the approach of old age. The poet, feigning himself already ancient and on the retired list, salutes the younger generation:—

And ye who fill the places we once filled,  
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,  
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,  
We who are old, and are about to die,  
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,  
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers.

As ancient Priam at the Scean gate  
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state  
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,  
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight  
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,  
Of Trojans and Achæans in the field;  
So from the snowy summits of our years  
We see you in the plain, as each appears,  
And question of you; asking, "Who is he  
That towers above the others? Which may be  
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,  
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Presently, however, he calls up the example of forerunners who have done some of their best work at years close upon, or even long past, his own—Sophocles, Simonides, Chaucer, and Goethe. The theme is almost too personal and intimate for a reviewer to comment upon without impertinence. We must presume Mr. Longfellow to be himself the best judge (apart from the almanack) whether he is growing old. But we may be allowed to affirm that his verse shows no signs of it.

Next comes a new flight of "Birds of Passage"—minor poems, chiefly descriptive; pleasant, tuneful, and finished as is all the work of their author's hand. In the lines on "Charles Sumner" there occurs a simile taken from the astronomical paradox of the travelling of light; as a distant star, if it were suddenly put out, would still be seen on the earth for years or centuries after, so it is with a great man—"the light he leaves behind him lies upon the paths of men." This is one of the expansions given by science to human thought and imagination which are essentially poetical, but wait long for poetry to assimilate them. American writers—we have now in mind Dr. Wendell Holmes—have been specially prompt and felicitous in this good work.

The "Book of Sonnets," which forms the last part of the volume, is, to our mind, the best of all. Of the structure and management of the sonnet, which in his hands adheres to the severest correctness of the Italian model, Mr. Longfellow is a perfect master; and the thought, whether under stress of the compact form or by some other sympathetic action, seems here to be cast in a finer and stronger mould than before. One or two of these poems, again, are too personal for open comment; they are beautiful, but to be read in silence. But we dwell willingly on the pages that bring a goodly fourfold tribute to the memory of English poets; first of Chaucer, in verse joyful and full of light as is fitting to the matter:—

He listeneth to the lark,  
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark  
Of painted glass in linden lattice bound;  
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,  
Then writeth in a book like any clerk;

then of Shakspeare, "the poet paramount, whom all the muses loved, not one alone"; of Milton, compared in a long-drawn and stately parallel, as again is fitting, to a mighty sea rising and falling, and ever and anon flooding the shore with "a ninth wave superb and strong"; and of Keats, the young Endymion sleeping Endymion's sleep. Among the rest we should select the sonnet headed "The Tides," and that on "A Nameless Grave" of a soldier of the Union, to whom the poet, in the very words which lament that for the life spent in forgotten service he can give nothing in return, has given a new name and fame to be known by in all lands where English poetry finds audience.

## MIGNET'S CHARLES V. AND FRANCIS I.\*

THE literary reputation, not to speak of the academical position, of M. Mignet entitles any work put forth by him as the matured fruit of his studies to a more than passing notice. That reputation he owes to long and unwearied labours, and, we venture to think, to a recognition of his desire to be true above all to his responsibilities as an historian. The vein of patriotic feeling which in the work before us occasionally makes itself perceptible we should in no case be inclined to deprecate in an historical writer; and in the present instance it is doubly welcome as vindicating the manliness of the student and illustrating the something better than adroitness of the man of taste. Although in the end the diplomacy of Louisa of Savoy proved more successful than the efforts of M. Thiers, yet in a sense the condition of France was more hopeless in 1525 than in 1871. However greatly therefore we may reprobate the conduct by which King Francis I. recovered his liberty, we may unhesitatingly applaud the spirit with which that kingdom—hardly as yet welded together into unity—met the misfortunes of its sovereign and itself. He might well boast of “loyal subjects and good Frenchmen,” when a foreign prince could attest the fact that after the capture of Francis at Pavia, although “un des plus grands princes de France” (the Constable of Bourbon) was in arms against him, and “tous les princes chrétiens animés contre le royaume, il ne s’est trouvé prince, seigneur, ne homme de nom en France qui ait branlé—chose singulière,” added Henry VIII., “et admirable par tout le monde.” The calmness of M. Mignet’s tone, so welcome in an historian, is far from being affected by this occasionally perceptible undercurrent. He criticizes the policy of three French monarchs, all more or less favourites in the national memory, with a candour at times approaching the verge of the unsympathetic; and he is too conscious of the dignity of his task to seek for excuses where he sees no room for a defence. But it appears to us as if the range of his historical criticism were less remarkable for width than the method of his inquiry is commendable for its clearness and candour. Notwithstanding the learning and the ability it displays, the work before us, moulded in the form of a monograph, fails, we think, to avoid some of the defects which a less attractive but more comprehensive kind of historical narrative might perhaps have more easily escaped.

Much—possibly all—of M. Mignet’s work, so far as it is before us, is already known to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where a series of articles on the rivalry between Francis I. and Charles V. was begun by the distinguished historian as far back as the year 1854. The first and second volumes of the work in its collected form contain a narrative of the wars and negotiations between the rivals from the accession of Francis I. to the so-called Ladies’ Peace (of Cambrai). Including, therefore, the brilliant recovery of the Milanese by the battle of Marignano, the competition for the Imperial throne in 1519, the revolt of the Constable of Bourbon, the battle of Pavia and the captivity of Francis, the Peace of Madrid and its rupture, and the Italian campaigns of which the sack of Rome is the most famous incident, they comprise what to most minds is doubtless the more vividly interesting period of the struggle which M. Mignet has undertaken to narrate. No element of interest is wanting in so vast and varied a subject; and as M. Mignet’s fulness of matter never interferes with his simplicity of manner, he will be read with pleasure, whether describing a siege of Marseilles or detailing the intrigues of a conclave, whether reproducing the strange bombast of the Personal Challenge or recalling the forgotten troubles of the Children of France in their captivity as hostages for their father’s word. But there is another reason why the period treated of in these volumes more easily lends itself to the species of historical composition which M. Mignet has on this occasion preferred. At all events it may prove less easy to relegate into the background the historical accessories, as they may be called, of his more immediate subject when he comes to relate the third and the fourth wars between Charles and Francis, in which the Turks played so prominent a part, and which it is impossible either to study or to narrate satisfactorily without devoting attention to the progress of the Reformation movement in Germany. We cannot suppress a doubt whether M. Mignet will prove able in his account of these later transactions to combine the necessary fulness with the equally requisite lucidity. Should this doubt seem premature, we must point in justification of it to the introductory chapter to his first volume. It is true that the chapter in question bears the modest title of “Italian Wars under Charles VIII. and Louis XII.”; but neither the work itself nor its introduction can have been intended to ignore such parts of the action as do not immediately or exclusively affect Italy, nor has any such plan been pursued in the body of the narrative, where we have a good deal of France and something of Spain and the Empire. Now, whether or not fortunately for M. Mignet, at all events fortunately for his readers, another eminent historian, to whose works his French contemporary here and there makes casual reference, has recently republished an early work, which not only supplies such an introduction as M. Mignet’s readers might be pardoned for desiring, but, at the same time—notwithstanding the researches of half a century which have succeeded its original publication—remains a masterpiece of its kind. Ranke’s *Geschichten der romanischen und germanischen Völker von 1494 bis 1514* would of itself suffice to prove the wonderful grasp its author possesses over one of the most important and complicated

periods of later European politics, were it not that happily it was but the preface or prelude to a whole series of works, in not one of which the thread connecting them all is ever left out of view. We have not the slightest wish to suggest any notion of “rivalry” between two eminent fellow-workers in the same field of inquiry; but it is impossible to forbear from contrasting Ranke’s powerful essay—which from one point of view at all events proves the idea of the unity of history to be neither a phrase nor a fancy, and yet in almost every page exhibits a characterizing and individualizing touch of antique vigour—with the meagre outline of events which suffice for M. Mignet as an introduction to his book.

We might indeed have passed over this in itself insignificant portion of the work before us, were not its execution significant of the narrowness of view—we use the term in no invidious sense—which seems to us, speaking comparatively, to characterize the conception of the whole. Like Ranke, M. Mignet of course recognizes in Charles VIII.’s invasion of Italy the opening of the conflict of which the struggle between Francis I. and Charles V. was only a signally important phase. But, while it would be unfair, before the completion of the work enables us to judge of it as a whole, to assert that the French historian regards that struggle wholly or mainly under the aspect of its influence upon the destinies of the French monarchy, we cannot profess to have observed in him much inclination to extend the horizon of his speculations further, or even within this range to carry them far outside the boundaries of political commonplace. “Pendant plus d’un demi-siècle,” he writes, in the very first page of his book, “la France fut détournée des voies naturelles de son agrandissement par l’ambition égarée de ses rois”; a sentiment so much resembling the time-honoured, though perfectly just, complaints of German writers, as to the consequence of the ultramontane longings of the Emperors, that one is refreshed to find it afterwards (p. 350) explained, with true French definiteness, to refer to the “côté du nord, où la France avait besoin d’être étendue et par où il était facile de l’envahir.” Nor was the true policy of Francis, in M. Mignet’s opinion, merely the obviously desirable expulsion of the English from Calais and Guines, but also the acquisition in the Netherlands of what he renounced in Italy. It is well known that a subsequent French sovereign showed himself fully alive to the duties as well as to the rights which “devolved” upon him in this direction. But we notice these passages rather as indicating that an historical philosophy which moves within such limits is not very likely to occupy itself deeply with the possibilities of Italy—from Italy’s point of view—in the fifteenth century, or with the wider historical speculation as to how far the Italian States may by the sacrifice of their autonomy have redeemed Western civilization from the Turkish danger. Speaking, by the way, of the Italian States, we are not sure whether M. Mignet’s brief introductory summary of Italian history is not in some points loose as well as brief. He says that towards the middle of the fifteenth century “a sort of confederation had formed itself among the five principal Italian States,” and that this confederation—due to the patriotic efforts of Pope Pius II., to the interested cleverness of Francis Sforza, and to the fears of the Aragon King of Naples—had been “concluded for five-and-twenty years.” The expression “a sort of confederation” is conveniently vague, but it is precisely this “sort of statement” which gives rise to the favourite delusions of popular history-books. The peace concluded at Lodi in 1454 did not include Alfonso of Naples, who only acceded to it some months later; and, though we believe M. Mignet is not the first to speak of the treaty as if it had virtually amounted to a confederation, neither Macchiavelli nor, so far as we know, any other Italian writer, treats it as such. On the other hand, M. Mignet apparently follows Guicciardini in stigmatizing the misgovernment of Charles VIII. during his brief stay in Naples; but we venture to doubt whether the account is quite fair to the King, whose previous passage through Tuscany was not quite as “easy”—at Florence at all events—as M. Mignet seems to think. Indeed, while we do not quarrel with the historian on account of the scant sympathy which he shows for the character of Charles VIII. (whom he describes as “d’un esprit assez faible, mais d’un cœur très hardi”), we think that a word in passing might have pointed out that the ambition of this prince was of a loftier kind than that of many of his successors who have fared far better before the tribunal of historians. Charles VIII. is, to our mind, better entitled than Francis I. to the much-abused epithet of “chivalrous,” which M. Mignet, who otherwise judges the character of Francis with great perspicacity and candour, seems to reserve to the prisoner of Pavia as inalienably his own; while at the same time his design to make the conquest of Italy a stepping-stone to the overthrow of the infidel was a thought which his contemporaries are not likely to have regarded as belonging altogether to the region of dreams. If he failed to become a second Charlemagne, it was not altogether a theatrical ambition which inspired him. On Charles VIII.’s successor M. Mignet passes judgment with similar coolness and precision. His mistake was that he knew neither how to “perceive nor how to avoid” the danger of aggrandizing the principal States of Italy at the expense of the petty lordships, and above all that of calling in other great Powers of the Continent to establish themselves by his side in the peninsula. The observation is as just as it is safe; but we should, in connexion with it, have expected some notice of the circumstances which caused Louis XII. in 1505 to resign his rights on Naples to his niece Germaine de Foix, and through her to Ferdinand the Catholic, and thus to substitute a Spanish for an Austrian alliance. M. Mignet’s references

\* *Rivalité de François I<sup>er</sup> et de Charles-Quint.* Par M. Mignet. Vols. I. and II. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1875.



to the policy of the House of Austria under Maximilian are altogether extremely meagre; and the figure of Maximilian himself appears in these introductory pages only fitfully, as in those of many historians, who either refrain from or despair of doing justice to his genius—for it was nothing short of this—as a political schemer. Inasmuch as not all of his schemes fell to the ground, and inasmuch as there are things for which he deserves to be remembered besides that empty purse which Mr. Brewer may, to speak familiarly, be said to have turned inside out, it is to be hoped that some readable historian, with a better opportunity than M. Mignet's, may yet arise to redeem his name from part of the strange obscurity which has overtaken its ancient romantic glory.

In the body of his work M. Mignet moves at ease, and with the sureness of a practised hand weaves the results of his researches into a clear, connected, and fluent narrative. He rarely pauses to digress into arguments, or to favour the reader with an explicit statement of the author's own views as to the merits of historical questions suggesting themselves by the way. He writes, in other words, as a positive historian, who, for instance, very slightly troubles himself as to the *à priori* rights and wrongs of such a matter as the claims to Burgundy, and seems to take substantially the same view as that which Louisa of Savoy bravely communicated to Charles V. in the very moment of his triumph, that "quant à céder un seul pied de terre," such a self-humiliation was quite out of the question for France. But the narrative of the negotiations between Charles and his prisoner which ended with the Treaty of Madrid, or rather with its violation by the liberated Francis, is admirably clear and impartial. No defence is attempted for Francis, though a less conscientious historian might have found some apparent materials for such a defence in the unconditional promises of liberation said to have been made by Charles on his visit to his prisoner at the time of Francis's dangerous, and to Charles most untoward, illness. M. Mignet points out that neither the French King's account of this interview nor another which slightly differs from it can have been altogether free from exaggeration. As for the ultimate conduct of Francis, no vindication or even palliation of it was to be expected from an historian of the type of M. Mignet. To his repeated suggestion that a frankly generous conduct on the part of Charles would have in the end proved the wisest policy, we are unable to assent; but we must allow it to be as little capable of disproof as of demonstration. The conduct of Clement VII. in abandoning the side of the Emperor—one of the chief sources of the renewal of the Italian war—is rather perfunctorily accounted for by M. Mignet; but he points out, what is not always remembered, that this politic movement had been already determined upon by the Pope, as well as by the Venetians, before the great victory of the Imperial arms at Pavia. Clement VII. was, in truth, a patriotic though timid politician, whose lot had fallen in evil times, and who with all his intelligence was not born to set them right. What a strange light, by the way, is thrown on the character of a sovereign who greatly vexed the soul of Clement, by the statement that already in 1524-5, two years or more before King Henry VIII. requested the Pope to examine into the lawfulness of his marriage, he was irritated by Clement's friendliness to France into threatening him with the introduction of the Lutheran religion into England. M. Mignet has little besides this anecdote—new to us at all events—to add to recent illustrations of the policy of Henry and Wolsey.

Upon the whole, these volumes, without, so far as we can observe, opening any fresh sources of information or introducing any new views of transactions which must be studied in their connexion to be understood, and in which Italian politics often determine issues of European moment, clearly indicate the mainsprings of the action of both the rival combatants and of their Italian allies or adversaries. M. Mignet's judgment of Francis I. is, as we have said, in our opinion both candid and just; the character of Charles V. is less easy to draw, at least under the light of his conduct during the earlier part of his reign, when he had not entered upon the crucial period of his career in his dealings with Rome and with the Reformation movement. In the chapter which in an early part of his work M. Mignet has devoted to the "first rivalry" of Francis and Charles—namely, to their struggle against one another for the Roman Kingship in 1519—he has accumulated much instructive and entertaining detail, but has not succeeded in giving a succinct view of all the points really at issue. We pass over slight inaccuracies. It will hardly trouble many of M. Mignet's readers that it was not John Frederick, but Frederick of Saxony, to whom Maximilian had refused the duchies of Berg and Juliers; or that Friesland had been given up to the Archduke Charles by Duke George of Saxony because his troops could not hold it, and that a sum of 200,000 florins was paid to him in return. We likewise confess ourselves unable to understand why M. Mignet thinks the Emperor's support of Margrave Albert as candidate for the High Mastership of the Teutonic Order to have been offensive to Saxony, and unwilling to agree that the Elector Palatine Lewis V. is correctly described as "of Bavaria." But while these may seem trivial cavils, we must demur to the entire representation of the negotiations for the election as a question of bribery as being in a sense misleading. The transactions as described by M. Mignet—and described, we need not say, in strict accordance with documentary evidence—are by no means edifying either at first sight or, we are bound to admit, on closer examination. But it has been well pointed out by a German historian, M. R. Roesler, in a treatise on the election of Charles V. which can hardly have

escaped M. Mignet's notice, and in which his own essay on the subject reproduced in the present work is criticized from this point of view, that in the first place the venality of the electors by no means appears for the first time at this point of German history, and is far from constituting a characteristic of this particular election or of the times in which it occurred. Richard of Cornwall, Adolphus of Nassau, and Charles IV., the promulgator of the Golden Bull, on behalf of his son Wenzel, presented the electors with pecuniary gifts or with grants of various kinds, and the custom followed in 1519 was therefore a well-established one. And, which is of more significance, it was neither in the present nor in other instances the money gifts which essentially determined the election; and King Francis was grievously deceived by his agent in being led to believe that such would be the case in 1519. The worst evil of the elective system was the fact that the electors made the successive elections conditional upon the grant of new rights weakening the Imperial authority; and such a capitulation was sworn to by Charles's commissioners in the present instance. As for the election itself, the pressure of public opinion—and public opinion meant something in Germany in the year 1519—would have rendered the election of Francis, favoured as he was by the Pope, altogether impossible; Frederick the Wise refused the crown when he had it virtually in his hands; and Charles was chosen as the only possible candidate left, his choice being regarded by the people, in the words of Droysen, as a victory over the princes. The whole transaction is one not absolutely clear in all its details, but perfectly so in its general significance. M. Mignet, though he has spared no trouble as to the former, though he judges, as it seems to us, with correctness as to the error committed by Francis in directing his endeavours to his own election instead of to the prevention of that of his rival, and though he equally correctly appreciates the farcical element introduced into the affair by the quasi-candidature of Henry VIII. (whose part in the election very much resembled that played by his Minister the Cardinal in more than one conclave), has not, we think, fully entered into the historical significance either of the failure of the one or the success of the other of the rivals. But we cannot here further discuss the many interesting topics suggested by this episode of M. Mignet's narrative. In continuing it we hope that he may contrive, without impairing its symmetry, to extend its scope, and thus give to it an intrinsic importance to which it can hardly at present be said to have attained.

#### HIS NATURAL LIFE.\*

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER has expressed a canon of art which is generally thought to be sound in the words, "On ne doit jamais peindre ce qui fait horreur." This canon has been very thoroughly disregarded by the author of *His Natural Life*. There are, no doubt, occasions when its infringement may be justifiable, or even desirable, as when some evil exists which can be more readily reached by means of a vivid description appealing to the popular mind than by official influence or statistics. It has happened more than once that writers of fiction have drawn attention to abuses which might otherwise have continued their pernicious growth undisturbed. If the things with which Mr. Clarke busies himself in *His Natural Life* were still in existence, one might find a reason for his insisting as he does on every revolting detail of terror and abomination that belonged to the old convict system. He himself, it is true, puts forward a reason for his work:—

I have endeavoured in "His Natural Life" to set forth the working and the results of an English system of transportation carefully considered and carried out under official supervision; and to illustrate in the manner best calculated, as I think, to attract general attention, the expediency of again allowing offenders against the law to be herded together in places remote from the wholesome influence of public opinion, and to be submitted to a discipline which must necessarily depend for its just administration upon the personal character and temper of their gaolers.

It can hardly be supposed, however, that any such beacon as *His Natural Life* is wanted to warn those with whom the matter rests against reviving the old system of convict life. A book which calls attention in a forcible manner to what that life was may serve some purpose as reminding its readers of the difficulties which the penal settlements threw in the way of the colonists, and thus in some fashion illustrating the social history of the colonies. But such an end could be attained without supping so full with horrors as Mr. Clarke makes his readers sup.

The book opens with the clumsy device of a "prologue," in which we learn that a certain Richard Devine allows himself to be arrested under a false name upon a charge of robbery and murder in order to conceal his mother's shame—not a very agreeable incident, and not managed with any great probability. The novel proper begins on board the prison ship *Malabar*, overcrowded with ruffians of various degree, among whom Rufus Dawes, as Richard Devine has called himself, holds high rank by virtue of the enormity of his crime. The characters of the story who are not prisoners are all drawn with some skill. The most important among them is Lieutenant Frere, nephew of Richard Devine's supposed father, a man possessing no good quality but a certain brute courage, and twisted round the finger of Sarah Purfoy, the handsome maid who waits upon the captain's wife and children. This young woman, indeed, has a singular knack of

\* *His Natural Life*. By Marcus Clarke, Author of "Old Tales of a Young Country," "Holiday Peak," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1875

twisting every one round her finger; and being, in fact, as one soon learns to suspect, the wife of one of the prisoners on board, she all but succeeds in organizing and successfully carrying out a mutiny. Before this is attempted a party commanded by Frere is sent out to a ship seen on fire some twelve miles from the *Malabar*. The incident affords Mr. Clarke a good opportunity for using his descriptive power, and a passage from what he writes of this may be quoted as a specimen of his style:—

But now—with one ship growing smaller behind them, and the other, containing they knew not what horror of human agony and human helplessness, lying a burning wreck in the black distance ahead of them—they began to feel their own littleness. The *Malabar*, that huge sea monster, in whose capacious belly so many human creatures lived and suffered, had dwindled to a walnut-shell, and yet beside her bulk how infinitely small had their own frail cock-boat appeared as they shot out from under her towering stern! Then the black hull rising above them, had seemed a tower of strength, built to defy the utmost violence of wind and wave, now it was but a ship of wood floating—on an unknown depth of black, fathomless water. The blue-light, which, at its first flashing over the ocean, had made the very stars pale their lustre, and lighted up with ghastly radiance the enormous vault of heaven, was now only a point, brilliant and distinct it is true, but which by its very brilliance dwarfed the ship into insignificance. The *Malabar* lay on the water like a glow-worm on a floating leaf, and the glare of the signal-fire made no more impression on the darkness than the candle carried by a solitary miner would have made on the abyss of a coal-pit.

And yet the *Malabar* held two hundred creatures like themselves! The water over which the boats glided was black and smooth, rising into huge foamless billows, the more terrible because they were silent. When the sea hisses, it speaks, and speech breaks the spell of terror; when it is inert, heaving noiselessly, it is dumb, and seems to brood over mischief. The ocean in a calm is like a sulky giant; it one dreads that it may be meditating evil. Moreover, an angry sea looks less vast in extent than a calm one. Its mounting waves bring the horizon nearer, and one does not discern how for many leagues the pitiless billows repeat themselves. To appreciate the hideous vastness of the ocean one must see it when it sleeps.

The influence of Victor Hugo is plainly apparent in some of this, notably in the description of the sea; and it must be counted as rashness in a writer to arouse by his own style recollections of so great a master. At the same time there is undeniable strength in what Mr. Clarke has written.

It is found that the crew of the burning ship have already made their escape in their own boats on the side away from the *Malabar*. The ship is recognized by Frere as the *Hydaspes*, loaded with gunpowder, and supposed to be carrying Richard Devine on his way to India. While in prison awaiting his trial he had managed to send a letter to his mother, concealing all the facts of his arrest and announcing an intended voyage. How he succeeded in accomplishing this somewhat difficult feat is never adequately explained. The only object served by the incident of the *Hydaspes* blowing up is that Rufus Dawes, as he must now be called, is assured by it of the safety of his secret, as it is supposed that the crew who left the *Hydaspes* must have been lost. When he returns to the *Malabar* he is attacked by typhus, which has broken out in the overcrowded prison; but while he is yet sickening, he overhears the plan of the proposed mutiny, and when he is struck completely down by the fever, he collects his faculties enough to convey the intelligence in a few broken words to Captain Vickers and Dr. Pine, the surgeon-superintendent.

We have dwelt upon this early part of the novel at some length, because upon this mutiny great part of Dawes's future life turns, and because its so turning is singularly ill managed. When he recovers from his fever he finds that the mutiny has been attempted and quelled; and that his fellow-convicts, suspecting him of having given information, have denounced him as the chief contriver of the plot. Now Dr. Pine is drawn, and well drawn, as a man of unusual shrewdness and experience; and it becomes difficult to understand why he never made any further inquiries into the revelation of Dawes which first led him to suspect the mutiny. The assertions of the real ringleaders as to Dawes's complicity are, however, accepted without question; and the result is that Dawes with three others is sentenced to six years at the penal settlement of Macquarie Harbour. From this point to the end the book is mainly a calendar of odious vice. Dawes, in consequence of continued punishments and injustice, is gradually degraded into a savage, from which state he becomes humanized again under cheerful circumstances, with something too much of suddenness. For a time there is a very agreeable relief to the hideously dark side of the story in the person of Sylvia, Captain Vickers's little daughter, who has been brought up with little companionship and less education; here is a conversation between her and Frere, who is in command of the brig conveying prisoners away from Macquarie Harbour to Port Arthur:—

"Mr. Frere, I am sent to talk to you."  
"Are you? All right—go on."  
"Oh dear no. It is the gentleman's place to entertain. Be amusing!"  
"Come and sit down then, and we'll talk," said Frere, who was in good humour at the success of his arrangements. "What shall we talk about?"  
"You stupid man! As if I knew! It is your place to talk. Tell me a fairy story."  
"Jack and the Beanstalk?" suggested Frere.  
"Jack and the grandmother! Nonsense! Make one up out of your head, you know."  
Frere laughed.  
"I can't," he said. "I never did such a thing in my life."  
"Then why not begin? I shall go away if you don't begin."  
Frere rubbed his brows. "Well, have you read—have you read 'Robinson Crusoe'?"—as if the idea was the most brilliant one in the world.  
"Of course I have," returned Sylvia, pouting. "Read it?—yes. Everybody's read 'Robinson Crusoe'."

"Oh, have they. Well, I didn't know; let me see now." And pulling hard at his pipe, he plunged into literary reflection.

Sylvia sitting beside him, eagerly watching for the happy thought that never came, pouted and said, "What a stupid, stupid man you are! I shall be so glad to get back to papa again. He knows all sorts of stories, nearly as many as old Danny."

"Danny knows some, then?"

"Danny!"—with as much surprise as if she said "Walter Scott!" "Of course he does. I suppose now," putting her head on one side, with an amusing expression of superiority, "you never heard the story of the Banshee?"

"No, I never did."

"Nor the 'White Horse of the Peppers'?"

"No."

"No, I suppose not. Nor the 'Changeling'? nor the 'Leprechaun'?"

"No."

Sylvia got off the skylight on which she was sitting, and surveyed the smoking animal beside her with profound contempt.

"Mr. Frere, you are really a most ignorant person. Excuse me if I hurt your feelings. I have no wish to do that; but really you are a most ignorant person—for your age, of course."

On this occasion a successful mutiny does take place, the result of which is that Frere, Mrs. Vickers, and Sylvia are cast on a barren shore. It is here that Dawes falls in with them, and, becoming gradually softened, plans and effects their escape, of which circumstances enable Frere to take all the credit. Subsequently Frere marries Sylvia, who grows up a disappointingly uninteresting young woman, while Dawes is thrown back into horrors worse than those which one was led to hope he was escaping from. One or two new characters are introduced, the most remarkable among them being Mr. North, a clergyman who at first promises to be the one thoroughly pleasant person in the book, but turns out to be a confirmed dipsomaniac, and falls desperately in love with Mrs. Frere. The incidents of convict life which are described grow more and more repulsive as the book goes on, until all bounds are overstepped in the description of the flogging of a prisoner, in which every detail of physical agony is insisted upon with a horrible fidelity. No kind of excuse can be found for the brutality of this passage. Yet worse, in another way however, is that part of the book just before this which indicates Kirkland's experiences when thrown among his fellow-convicts. Even Balzac might have hesitated before touching on such a theme as this; and Mr. Clarke is not Balzac. If he thought that the former existence of the abominations which he describes or hints at called for some record as a matter of warning, he should have embodied their history in anything rather than the pages of a novel.

We have said little of the plot of *His Natural Life*, nor does it call for any special attention. It is evidently suggested by a well-known incident which would have been better left alone, and is remarkably ill constructed. The book has considerable force, for the most part misused. It is desirable to add, as a word of caution, that it is more fit for the table of the smoking-room or study than of the drawing-room.

#### RIMMER'S ANCIENT STONE CROSSES OF ENGLAND.\*

MR. RIMMER has put together a very pretty book, as far as engravings go. Here are got together a great number of well executed woodcuts of market-crosses, churchyard crosses, and various other kinds of crosses in various parts of England. And they are quite worth getting together, whether merely to make a pretty book or for more careful antiquarian treatment. But Mr. Rimmer has not done exactly either the one or the other. He has not been satisfied simply to put forth his woodcuts, nor has he made any solid technical or historical account of the crosses themselves. The cuts do not seem to be put together in any certain order, and they are accompanied by letterpress which runs off into a great many subjects which really have nothing to do with stone crosses in England, but which give Mr. Rimmer an opportunity of making some very strange statements on matters far away indeed from his professed business. When he deals with Queen Eleanor's crosses he is naturally carried to Charing, and, if he could only have held his peace when he got there, he need not have told us that "the cross gave the name to the locality, having been erected for the beloved Queen (chère reine)." This of course is no news; but we had really thought that even the putter-together of a pretty book had got beyond this kind of etymology. Nor was Mr. Rimmer called on to make such an odd statement as that Eleanor, after her marriage, which is put in 1255 instead of 1254, remained for ten years, of all parts of the world, in France, though it is quite certain that she was at Salisbury in 1258. When we are told that the "abbey of St. Albans was of great dignity in those days," we certainly shall not dispute that position, but it is another thing when we read that "the church is still standing, built of Roman hewn stones." It must surely be only those who derive Charing from *chère reine* who do not know that St. Albans abbey is built of brick. Mr. Rimmer is perhaps more in his element when, speaking of the three surviving crosses at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham, he says:—

Their variety of design suggests that they are not the work of the same hand. Geddington cross is unlike any English Gothic architecture; indeed, it has so much the appearance of the architecture of Spain at that period, as to make it probable that it was the work of one of the queen's own countrymen.

Whether Spanish work or not—we seem to remember having read

\* *Ancient Stone Crosses of England*. By Alfred Rimmer. London: Virtue & Co. 1875.



somewhere that some of the crosses were built by an Irishman—there is certainly something very odd about the Geddington cross, and its design certainly cannot be compared with those of its two larger and better-known fellows at Northampton and Waltham. Mr. Rimmer has plunged into mysteries where we cannot pretend to follow him, when he tells us that

Cross-roads also were held peculiarly sacred in the early times, and even as far back as the period of the Druids they were marked by upright stones, not dissimilar to those we see at Stonehenge, though, of course, much smaller, and these stones were chiselled on the upper part with a cross in relief.

Mr. Rimmer then goes to Shrewsbury, where he comes across certain people who have mistaken a pulpit for a preaching cross—which at any rate is better than taking it for a confessional—and he very properly points out that “it is in reality only part of the old abbey that has had the good fortune to survive destruction.” What part? Speaking from rather distant memory, we have a notion that it is the pulpit of the refectory, but we do not feel at all certain, and Mr. Rimmer, when he undertook to write about it, should have told us. He very properly distinguishes this pulpit from the high cross of the town, which no longer exists, and he takes upon himself to moralize in this fashion:—

Unhappily, it is not connected with pleasant associations, for before it the last of the British princes, David, a brother of Llewellyn, was cruelly put to death by Edward I.; and at a later period many of the nobility who were taken at the battle of Shrewsbury were there executed, the High Cross being considered the most appropriate place for such a spectacle.

We fancy that if Mr. Rimmer were to break into Hawarden Castle, or into any other house, and kill everybody that he found in it, he would even now be put to death, not exactly in the same form as David was, but put to death just as much, and by the same law.

But Mr. Rimmer is not satisfied with dealing with particular places; he feels called on to give us his views on the history of Britain in general, and they are somewhat remarkable. He comes to Newark, and there very properly points out that the cross does not belong to Queen Eleanor, but was built by the wife of the Lord Beaumont who died at Towton. Then he takes occasion to meditate:—

That England should have been the scene of the most fearful battle-field seems now almost incredible; but we are so familiar with the vivid pictures Shakespeare has given of the wars of the Roses, that they appear, as we read him, more real than even the comparatively recent struggles of the Commonwealth.

And so comes the account of Towton from Hall, and a good deal from Shakspeare. Why it should be incredible that England should have been “the scene of the most fearful battle-fields” is beyond us. But a key may perhaps be found in a yet more singular passage. After mentioning the fact that there are crosses in England older than the Norman Conquest, Mr. Rimmer thus comments:—

These ancient relics are most curious and instructive, reminding us how little we know of Britain from the time the Romans left it to the time when, under the iron sway of William of Normandy, it was consolidated into the kingdom it has remained to the present day. There is a long hiatus from the Roman period to the early dawn of recorded history, over which all the chronicles we possess cast but an uncertain light.

Mr. Rimmer then goes on to talk about Stilicho and Honorius, St. Ninian and St. Columba, after whom, we suppose, comes the long hiatus which is followed by the early dawn of recorded history. It is somewhat odd, however, not only that Honorius should be made to send help to Britain as late as 422, but that St. Ninian is put as early as 350, and is described as an emigrant from Rome, while Beda speaks of him as a Briton who had been taught at Rome. Mr. Rimmer goes on to say that,

As missionaries were sent out from these homes of Christianity, it is easy to comprehend how forms of ancient crosses may have been transported to various parts of England; yet so far we have not been successful in finding the dates of the oldest of them.

It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Rimmer that, during the time of the hiatus, one or two things happened which may account for the destruction of a good many of them. When Mr. Rimmer gets to Devizes he comes to the well-known miracle of the eighteenth century, the sudden death of Ruth Pierce, exactly answering to that of Sapphira. We do not exactly see why he calls it a legend, as there can hardly be better authority for any fact than an inscription set up by contemporary public authority so lately as 1753. But of course Mr. Rimmer has a perfect right to theorize as to the natural or supernatural character of the event, a question which has nothing to do with the mere question of the fact. Presently the scene is changed from Devizes to Winchester, and there we get legendary matter indeed, some of it, one would think, of Mr. Rimmer's own making:—

A celebrated cross stood in the monastery of Winchester, which was built by King Alfred for married monks. This cross spoke out openly and fervently against monks marrying; and in consequence, Dunstan, Bishop of Canterbury, turned them out, and they were superseded by others of celibate vows.

Mr. Rimmer would here seem to have rolled the old and new ministers into one; anyhow, such beings as “married monks” are surely legendary, and the legend of them must have arisen in very late times. The invincible ignorance which in some minds steadily refuses to see any difference between a monk and a secular canon is one of the most singular phenomena of human nature.

The following bit is almost funnier:—

There is a curious tradition regarding the origin of the name of Cricklade. Some persons, Camden tells us, are of opinion that it is a corruption of Greklade, from the circumstance that “Greek philosophers” founded a

university there, which was afterwards removed to Oxford. Undoubtedly, according to the monks, such a university did at one time exist; but to derive the name from this is rather a forced example of etymology; and the circumstance that the university was said to be removed to Oxford long before there was any university at all, clearly militates against the credibility of the narrative.

If only the story could be believed, the etymology alone would hardly be so forced as some others; but no one can have any doubt in accepting Mr. Rimmer's doctrine, that, when a narrative is distinctly shown to be impossible, that impossibility “clearly militates against the credibility of the narrative.”

At Ampney Crucis, in Gloucestershire, there is a cross which Mr. Rimmer sets down as “probably an example of the ‘weeping-cross,’ or place to which penitents resorted to bemoan over their shortcomings.” Then comes this singular comment:—

This is not apparently a very uncommon or even very uncongential pursuit with many devotees; for up to the present day Jews go every week to the walls of the Temple, and lament over its destruction. It is almost impossible not to connect these weeping-crosses in some way with old Jewish customs; there are many of them still left in England, and the name clings to them. One thing is certain, that the old habits of weeping and wailing date much earlier than the destruction of the Temple.

We found ourselves among the Jews without the least suspicion whither we were going. Perhaps Mr. Rimmer is of that sect which believes, first, that Englishmen are Welshmen, and then that Welshmen are Jews. Then follows a good deal out of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and a discourse about the “recognition,” “encouragement,” and “demonstration” of “public lamentation,” which “perhaps may appear strange in the present day, when the tendency of all our teaching is rather to avoid making any exhibition of strong feeling.” Then we get to Wedmore, where the cross—Mr. Rimmer does not seem to have found out that there are two crosses there—is pronounced to be a weeping-cross in another sense because of the Bloody Assizes, and then comes the natural extract from Lord Macaulay. The connexion between Wedmore and the Bloody Assizes is plain enough; but why the Jews should have gone to Ampney Crucis to weep for the destruction of the Temple is altogether beyond us.

One extract more and we have done. Of all places in the world Mr. Rimmer presently carries us to the Appian Way, of which we are told:—

The Appian Way was, in fact, one vast Westminster Abbey, a quarter of a mile deep in monuments, and sixteen miles in length, broken here and there by some luxurious, magnificent villa, such as that of the Quintilli, whose grand retreat proved too great a temptation to Commodus, and caused him to have them destroyed, in order that this infamous usurper might inhabit their halls.

Why Commodus, with all his crimes, should be called a usurper is not very clear, and we are puzzled when we read a little way on about “invaders of the Eternal City, such as Alaric, Totila, and Belisarius, laying her suburbs waste, breaking down the carved work of these wayside monuments,” and so forth. But all such questions sink into nothingness before the picture of “one vast Westminster Abbey—a quarter of a mile deep in monuments and sixteen miles in length.” How much metropolitan “Dean” power would be needed to write the Memorials of such a Westminster Abbey as that?

If Mr. Rimmer would simply leave off writing, and keep to drawing, he might turn out something very pretty in his own line. As a collection of engravings of crosses, the book is pleasant enough. The pity is that, being woodcuts, they are on the same pages with the letterpress, so that there is no means of cutting out the writing and keeping the pictures by themselves.

#### A CASUISTICAL CAPTAIN.\*

PERHAPS the most striking feature in popular Evangelical autobiographies is the amount of casuistry which they contain. John Newton, Thomas Scott, and Toplady were constantly exercised in the suggestion and solution of cases of conscience. James I., who said so many good things, never said a better than when he defined the Puritan as “a Protestant Jesuit.” In the numberless folios published by those Jesuits of the seventeenth century of whom Basenbaum may be taken as a fair type, a great number of the cases of conscience turn upon the fast preceding the Eucharist. The *j-juniun naturale* required by the Council of Trent opened up endless paths of casuistical ratiocination, and the Jesuit moral theologians delighted in threading their way along these paths, and detecting the bypaths which opened out of them on the right hand and the left. For instance, they argued out at length such intricate questions as the following:—Does the sucking of a jujube break the natural fast? Can a man be truly said to be fasting if he has smoked a pipe before celebrating mass or receiving the Holy Communion? Eminent moral theologians differed upon these points, some contending that the fast was not broken unless a particle of solid matter found its way into the stomach. The uneasy and scrupulous conscience soothed by one doctor was disturbed by another, and it had finally to rest itself upon the advice or command of the director. What the fasting reception of the Eucharist was to the scrupulous Roman Catholic conscience, the keeping of the Sabbath was to the scrupulous Puritan, and still is to the scrupulous Evangelical conscience. The general principle that we must do no manner of work on the Sabbath Day tells us little, for the qualification is always superadded that we may do

\* *Life on the Deep: Memorials of Charles March, Commander, R.N.* By his Nephew. Religious Tract Society. 1875.

works of charity and of necessity. An intricate maze opens up before us at the question, What works may be included under the head of works of mercy and necessity? A director is demanded by the Puritanized as much as by the Jesuitized conscience in order to inform it in some emergency whether the doing of this or that particular work will be a violation of the Sabbath.

We have some curious instances of this in the piece of hagiography just published by the Religious Tract Society. How to keep the Sabbath strictly, without injuring his employers or being unkind to his crew, seems to have been a life-long difficulty with honest Captain March. In May 1825, on a voyage from Belfast to Rio in charge of a trading vessel, he was much disturbed in his mind by the sight of the sharks. "What a mystery," he writes in his log-book, "that the wise and blessed God should suffer such monsters to exist. But," he adds, with peculiar theological aptness, "it is less mysterious than the existence of sin." The men used to jump overboard to tease the sharks, and often put themselves in great danger. Shark-fishing for sport Captain March would not tolerate. But he thus sets down his general views upon catching sharks, and his particular views upon catching them upon the Sabbath day:—"Sunday, 8 (May 1825). I was this day appealed to for a bait to endeavour to catch a shark. Being in a strait I at last consented, considering it an act of charity to destroy such monsters whenever they came in my way, on the same principle that I would destroy a rat, viper, or rattlesnake." But shark-catching is work; may it therefore be done upon the Sabbath? Captain March replies, "It appeared to me that there might not be another opportunity of destroying this creature, and perhaps the next time any of us bathed it would take our lives." On these grounds of mercy and necessity, he allowed the sailors, no doubt to their great relief, to amuse themselves with shark-fishing on Sunday. Nevertheless his mind was not quite at ease; perhaps he saw that they enjoyed it. Hence he craved for a director. "I should be glad to consult some pious, judicious person on the subject, as I feel quite open to conviction, and desire to be set right if I am wrong." A few days later he arrived on a Sunday morning in the splendid harbour of Rio. This fine Devonshire sailor, who had a deep fund of susceptibility to beauty under his Puritan surface, was much impressed by the glorious scenery, but he was distressed at the same time that his ship had not arrived a day earlier or a day later. "God in his wisdom," he writes, "has thought fit to bring us into port. I should have preferred another than the Sabbath day." He always took pains to prevent the sailing of a ship on Sunday, while he even sailed on purpose upon Friday, in order "to controvert the common saying and superstitious reluctance of the sailors:—

Sunday's sail will never fail;  
But Friday's sail is sure to fail."

It is rather amusing to see him fighting the superstitious observance of one day above another by an equally superstitious inversion of the process. He sought to teach his crew not to be afraid of sailing on the sixth day of the week by showing them that he for his part was afraid to sail on the first day of the week. In the case of Sunday sailing, as in the case of Sunday shark-fishing, he could not quite clear himself from some casuistical doubts. "As God permits me to arrive on the Sabbath," he asks, "would it be unlawful for me to sail on it?" On Sunday, September 4, he was ready to leave Rio. Ought he to sail? or ought he to wait twenty-four hours in idleness? He at last concluded that he would get out of the harbour. The wind was directly against him, and after twelve hours he was driven back again. "So far," he says, "we have gained nothing by sailing on Sunday." He again expresses his longing for a director. "I need some one to guide me." At Smyrna, finding on Saturday evening that the wind was fair, and that, if advantage were not taken of it, his vessel might be detained eight or ten weeks, he debated with himself whether he might go to sea on the Sunday morning. He "consulted a missionary," but his sage director was as much perplexed as himself.

On Sunday, April 20, 1828, Captain March saw the *Lady Sherbrooke*, whose captain and crew were all Sabbath-breakers, in great danger. He and his crew set to work, although it was Sunday, and, after six hours' labour, they saved the *Lady Sherbrooke* from driving ashore. He was grieved at having to work on Sunday, but he put the following moral in his diary:—"If God should make this event the means of doing good to Captain T— and his Sabbath-breaking crew, I shall rejoice that my Sunday afternoon has been spent in toil and labour." The *Lady Sherbrooke's* crew were on shore, he tells us, catching monkeys and parrots. Possibly the poor fellows thought they were keeping the Sabbath. We have heard of a strict Evangelical boarding-school at which the boys are not allowed to read "secular books" or to play on Sunday; they spend the afternoon in catching all the flies upon the walls and windows without any qualms of conscience, but they abstain piously from catching frogs. Captain T—'s crew ought to have stayed on board and caught sharks, or gone on shore to catch rats or vipers; for, according to Captain March's earlier solution, the sin does not lie so much in the pursuit as in the game. The next year he saw his way clear to a further relaxation of the Sabbath. Having dined out on a Tuesday "with some who disregarded religion," he wrote, "I begin to think I have hitherto gone too far in refusing all Sabbath invitations from unconverted people, for I find they are more disposed to hear about religion on that day than on any other."

The Sabbath was not the only centre, although the chief one, about which Captain March's casuistry revolved. In one foreign port he describes himself as "the only man among the captains

who stood up for God." When the Russian Government prohibited the further printing of Russian Bibles, the Captain resolved to turn smuggler in order to "obey God rather than man." Without any attempt to produce or verify his apostolic commission to despise the law, he determined that the Russians should read the Gospel if they could not hear it, or at least should have it if they would not read it. His biographer says:—"Being unable to obtain permission from the custom-house officers to land the Bibles, he ventured on the only smuggling expedition in which he ever engaged. On a stormy day, when mingled snow and rain were falling, he landed his precious cargo in a boat. 'I have,' he says, 'felt much happiness in getting a wetting in so good a cause.'" The good man had a charming faith in printed matter of a less sacred kind. A number of empty bottles having accumulated on board while he was sailing between Sierra Leone and England, he put a few tracts in each, and, corking them tightly, committed them to the ocean. His biographer calls this literally "casting bread upon the waters"; but bread is rather a quaint periphrasis for an Evangelical tract of the year 1828. As his casuistry at one time enabled him to justify his conscience in violating the laws of the Russian Government, so at another time it succeeded in persuading his conscience that he was a great deal wiser and more charitable than the Church of his own nation. On the voyage from Antwerp to Onega, one of his crew died. "Sad unconcern," says the unctuous biographer, "characterized the dying man. The Captain read over the deceased seaman some extracts from the Burial Service of the Church of England, but says in his journal that he dared not use it all, lest by expressing confident assurance of the salvation of one who had died in evident unconcern about his soul, he should blind the minds of his unbelieving shipmates." Those shipmates no doubt in their own minds roughly justified the passages which their Pope and Captain had omitted, each recollecting and telling, as honest men like to do at such times, some old trait or tale to the good account of their departed fellow. His crew, "the greater part of whom were in an unconverted state," set him a good example on Christmas Day 1830. "Dec. 25. This is a day which has been appointed to be kept holy. But being without Scriptural command, I gave no notice for Divine worship; but when noon arrived, the usual time for our Sabbath service, the crew sent to know if they might meet for worship."

In the year 1833 Captain March retired from his sea life, and began to look about for some inland employment. The hagiographer's account of his different attempts shows that he had not left his casuistry on board ship. He was first offered a partnership with an unconverted shipbroker; he liked the business, but did not like "the religious character of the gentleman with whom he would be so closely associated." He applied the Apostle's words concerning marriage with a heathen to trade partnership with a Christian—"Be not ye unequally yoked together with unbelievers." He was afterwards "offered a partnership with a godly brewer." The teetotallers say that this adjective and this noun cannot agree; the Captain thought they could, but though he liked the man, he did not like the business. His attention was next directed to the wholesale tobacco trade. "As he saw some good men engaged in it, he thought he could not err in being employed in one of its branches; but when he learned that the more distress there was in the country the more the tobacco trade flourished," instead of concluding that tobacco must be a great soother and comforter of distressed men, "he concluded that bad times for others were good times for the tobaccoists, and he became convinced that the trade was mainly supported by the abuse, not the use, of the article."

We have only given some specimens of the interior conflicts which occupied Captain March's mind from the day of his "conversion" to the day of his death. He was a noble fellow, both strong and tender, before his conversion, and his conversion and subsequent self-subjection to the Puritan world did not obliterate the noble elements of his character; it no doubt strengthened some of them; others, we are afraid, it weakened and deteriorated. He certainly had the happiness of being converted at an epoch in the history of Evangelicalism in which the movement still retained some freshness and reality, and he was superior in mental and moral character to those who will now regard this biography of him as an addition to hagiography. His unaffected manliness stands out in distinct contrast to the affected manner of his biographer, whose style suits exactly the gilt and glitter of the binding of his book, and its vague title *Life on the Deep*. The writers of the lives of the saints of the Old and New Testament were not afraid to show all the faults of Noah, Abraham, David, St. Peter, and St. John. The hagiographers of the Religious Tract Society either hide the faults of their saints, or else they magnify those which precede their conversion, and apologize for and explain away those which follow it. As they think their virtues in their unconverted state to have been splendid sins, so they may think their vices in their converted state to be dingy virtues. If any one who had known Captain March had dared to tell us all the truth about this honest and lovable man, hiding none of his faults and follies, he would not only have given a pleasant biography, but would have commended him to humanity instead of to a sect. What can be expected from a writer who tells the marines that in foreign ports "vice, infidelity, and superstition are painfully prominent"? As if Wapping, Portsmouth, and Liverpool were so notorious for their virtue, belief, and reasonableness. But the most unpardonable thing about the book is the writer's continual exhibition of himself as a clever and cultivated man, a reader of Tennyson, Jeremy Taylor,



Lord Bacon, and other worldly writers. He wastes much ink and paper with gushing descriptive passages, tiresome circumlocutions, and weakly pious puns. Thus he calls a small church in a harbour town "a neat episcopal sanctuary," as if it were a bishop's private chapel. A Dissenting meeting-house to whose building Captain March contributed is "a Congregational sanctuary." He tells us, while speaking of this building, that the Captain was no foe to Gothic, and launches forth into a quantity of talk about the consistency of a smart chapel with a pure Gospel. Instead of saying that a man is drowned, he says that "the blue waters of the Mediterranean closed over him." They have closed over many a man who has come up all the more lively for his bath. He ends the book with a chapter on the Captain's death, to which he gives the unreal and affected title "Entering Port." The ship in which Captain March sailed with his bride on board was called the *Arcadia*; his hagiographer actually heads the section which describes this voyage "Arcadian Joys." The hearty, scrupulous, plain-speaking old seaman deserved either to be better painted or not painted at all.

## SOUTH KENSINGTON HANDBOOKS.\*

THE young art student is confronted at starting with two facts, either of which is sufficient to form the subject of a whole treatise. He finds in every art the same tale of rise, progress, and decay; he also finds that periods are common to all; common not only in that all are affected by changes, but common because these changes come upon the arts of a country, perhaps of a continent, simultaneously. The Gothic revival, for example, affected all the ornamental productions of England at the same time. Things designed ostensibly in so-called classical or Italian styles showed signs of its influence, and a hundred years hence a practised eye will have no difficulty in recognizing the work of our age, whether we have called it Gothic, Queen Anne, Italian, Japanese, or classical. It will observe, what is not yet quite visible to our eyes, a similarity of character, a likeness, a relationship between them all. Our First Pointed churches will no more deceive him than our illuminations. He will have no more difficulty in distinguishing a moulding by a Fellow of the Institute from a moulding by a monk of Sens than we have in deceiving ourselves by our mock Norman or our School Board Jacobean. In this we cannot help ourselves, although now and then a very deceptive piece of work may be done. We have never seen an ivory figure of the fourteenth century successfully imitated, nor a single page of writing in the style of the fifteenth. The artist's skill is only part of the performance. The parchment, the colours, the inks, the tools, must all be the same. When an architect ruthlessly destroys a moulding with the intention of copying it exactly, he is undertaking an impossibility. He, it is true, may be able to draw what he destroys correctly enough. But what about his workmen? Are they able to use the original tools? Can they find stone of exactly the original texture and colour? Granting that they can, another difficulty has to be grappled with, and it is absolutely insuperable. Would that architects could be made to see it! No matter how skillfully a workman can imitate, his work is at best but a skilful imitation. It cannot get higher than this. Better for art purposes would be the workman's own design, only that our workmen have not learned how to design; for, let him copy as cleverly as he may, his work is only a copy, and will show its servility to the eyes of another generation. If any one doubts this, let him ask a workman to imitate a little bit of the carving of any historical monument, and then see whether it was worth while to set him to work. A glance will show that it cannot be copied exactly, and that no workman, however skilful, could produce even a similar piece of carving, except at an expense about four times as great as that incurred by setting him to work out of his own head. And in either case the work will betray its history. It may perhaps, in the face of the five subjects mentioned on the title-pages of the books before us, be beside the mark to apply these thoughts to architecture. But architecture so gathers into one all the other arts, and is in itself, as at present practised, so entirely imitative and un-original, that our observations can be most easily illustrated by it. It has been jokingly said that a successful barrister requires to know something of theology, literature, medicine, history, science, and even a little law. So, too, an architect must know sculpture, painting, acoustics, engineering, and even a little architecture. But the less the better, say those cynical people who are tired of hearing architects talk as if they could design "in any style," while they do not know what their own style is, and habitually mistake archaeology for art.

It is not beside the mark, then, to talk of architecture in an article headed with the names of books on carving, ceramics, and embroidery, for its history is intimately connected with them all. Sometimes, as in the case of tapestry, architecture has ruled the destiny of the weaker art. Sometimes, as in the case of glass-making, the inferior has influenced the superior. But, after all, it is to architecture we turn, whether we inquire into the age of St. Peter's chair or examine a consular diptych. It rules even over maiolica and musical instruments. A missal-painting or a piece of lace equally acknowledges its power, while on the changes

of the fashions in dress its influence is supreme. To take a single example, that of male head-dresses. When houses could not be built to keep out the wind, our ancestors wore their hats indoors; and, as many licences testify, had leave to continue their ordinary habits under certain circumstances in the royal presence. The comparative geniality of a more southern climate, coupled with the better knowledge of building, made such customs obsolete in France long before they were so in England; and the wig, necessitated as an artificial covering where the hat could not be permitted, has lingered almost to our own day. It is not twenty years since wigs disappeared from the House of Lords, nor ten since the last widow put on a "front" with her mourning cap.

When a house has been built, furniture is the first necessity. Textile fabrics come second, except in so far as they include carpets and curtains; crockery succeeds. Musical instruments may follow; and last of all come such objects as are here represented by carvings in ivory. We thus almost reverse the arrangement of the manuals in our own practice. But to consider one is to consider all. The arts are all so intimately connected together, they depend so much upon each other, and all are so much and so equally acted upon by architecture, binding them, as it were, into one service, that when we take the subject of any one of these manuals we may trace it in the others. Thus the earliest pieces of furniture extant are either constructed or decorated with ivory. The Egyptian chairs at the British Museum, St. Peter's chair at Rome, the chair of Maximian at Ravenna, are all inlaid or ornamented with it, and the last-named is entirely covered with it in panels. Ivory also enters largely into the composition of musical instruments, and the oldest of all, Mr. Engel notices, is of bone. Ivory keys are probably as ancient as organs; and, with inlaying of the same material, are to be found in Elizabethan "Virginals." It is the same with ceramics. Mr. Fortnum opens his account of Maiolica by a notice of Oriental wall-tilings; and some of the most curious and valuable remains of ancient music are key-pipes of earthenware. If we take textile fabrics, we find the same interdependence, and the same mutual influence; and have no difficulty in applying the rule all round. Waves of taste, we see, acted everywhere almost simultaneously. Styles followed each other by virtue of fixed laws, and affected all arts equally. Individual genius has been more often shown in the development than in the origin of a style. After the close of the thirteenth century we look to Italy as the centre at which the stone was dropped into the European pool, and from which we observe the gradually lengthening waves taking their rise. But there was a period before the Renaissance when Italian art did not influence that of the neighbouring countries. It would be difficult to find anything but rude mosaic to represent the arts of a long period in Italy, during which in France, Germany, and England there was great activity and considerable technical skill. The English illuminator did not look to Rome or Florence; but rather to Durham or Dublin. The English schools of painting and sculpture died out in time, but while they lived they were not dependent on Italy. To prove the truth of this we have only to compare the work on the tomb of Henry III. with the sculpture in the transept of the Abbey Church. There was little in common between the twisted columns of the Confessor's shrine and the figures of the censuring angels. In handicraft and in the richness of his materials, Peter, the "Civis Romanus" who made the shrine and left on it his name, undoubtedly surpassed Master Walter of Durham, who put on the colour, just as Torel, who made the King's figure, surpassed Henry of Lewes, who wrought the ironwork. But it was not until the reign of Henry VII. that the new birth of art in Italy reached us, and in the meantime we were not without our artists, and may compare them fearlessly with their contemporaries elsewhere.

The only one of the arts described in these volumes in which a complete and unbroken succession may be traced by existing specimens from ancient times to our own is that of ivory-carving. The book devoted to it is on this and other accounts the most interesting of the series. The whole volume of which this is the preface has already been very fully noticed in our columns (October 5, 1872), when this peculiarity in the history of ivory was pointed out. The history of textile fabrics by its existing remains is much less complete. Furniture, although it is easy to form from pictures and other sources a very full and unbroken succession of objects from ancient times to our own, presents also great difficulties. We have hardly any tangible remains of mediæval furniture. The few pieces extant have not found their way into public museums; and the South Kensington Catalogue offers scarcely anything earlier than the fifteenth century. With musical instruments the case is the same. As far as the Kensington Museum is concerned, they might have been considered with the furniture. The maiolica, on the other hand, while its history is comparatively complete, does not require more than a passing notice of the earlier ceramic arts. But as, without going any further, it is possible from these five manuals to form a very correct idea of the origin and growth of popular taste, it will be seen that the authorities of the Museum have done well to issue them. Although they are, strictly speaking, only fragments of larger and more expensive works, each of these little volumes contains the most valuable part of the original publication. Mere catalogues of objects, many of which are of little value, and possibly the majority absolutely worthless, are but dry and useless reading. Here we have the introductory preface, and are spared the catalogue. Woodcuts of the chief examples are given, as well as references to those in the Museum. We took occasion, when

\* *South Kensington Museum Art Handbooks*. Edited by William Maskell. 1. Textile Fabrics. 2. Ivories. 3. Furniture. 4. Maiolica. 5. Musical Instruments. London: Chapman & Hall.

reviewing Mr. Pollen's larger work on the Furniture (November 28, 1874), to express a hope that the preface might be issued alone; and now that this has been done by all the five Catalogues, a series of useful little treatises results, while nothing important to the general reader is omitted. Those who desire to study further, and who are able easily to get out to Brompton, may use the larger volumes, and go thoroughly into each subject.

The work has been very carefully done in each of the five volumes. The cuts, in particular, are excellent, and for practical purposes quite as useful as the photographs in some of the larger volumes. We have a few faults to find, but they are not very serious. The index is unsatisfactory in every one of the manuals. If we take, for example, the chair of St. Peter, which we have already mentioned, we find a woodcut of it on p. 35 of the *Furniture Manual*, and are told that "a description of it shall be referred to in another section." There is no reference in the index, except to p. 35; but at p. 122 the promised description is again mentioned, this time with a reference to the *Vetusta Monumenta*. The chair again turns up in Mr. Maskell's *Ivories Manual*, where, at p. 56, there is another and very different woodcut of it, and on p. 55, something of the nature of a description. Several similar examples of careless editing might be noticed, but on the whole these little books are likely to be so useful that we are not inclined to find fault.

#### STORIES OF FRENCH LIFE.\*

OF these last two works issued simultaneously by Mrs. Macquoid we should say that the one thing lacking in them is vitality, the one thing in excess is sameness. Only a very few models do duty for the whole gallery, and the repetition of idea extends even to the names as well as to the circumstances and characters. Hence we have an embarrassing reduplication of qualities, personalities, names, and mainstays of plots, which bespeaks a certain narrowness of observation not conducive to perfect story-telling. And consequently we find these tales less good than they might have been had Mrs. Macquoid's fancy and imagination been of a wider range. The situation of a tyrannical old housekeeper, intolerant of a young mistress whether as wife *in esse* or *in posse*, or yet even as a daughter, occurs at least three times, and perhaps oftener, for we confess to not having read all the shorter stories; while we have in *Diane* and "Aunt Felicité" (one of the series of the *Evil Eye*) precisely the same figures represented in precisely the same attitudes—namely, the dark, handsome, unscrupulous woman of thirty or more, in love unasked with the young man who prefers the simpler beauty of the *ingénue* of seventeen, with the rage and cruelty following on the maturer woman's discovery that she is rejected and her rival chosen in her stead. As this is not a very likely state of things at any time in France, where so many more considerations enter into the question of marriage than that instinctive passion for a pretty face which English novel-writers generally set forth as the strongest and most respectable motive, we are scarcely grateful for a second presentation of a very doubtful set of circumstances, even though we have the variety of one of the lovers being an Englishman.

Though Mrs. Macquoid evidently understands perfectly the outward aspects of French life, we cannot think that her stories would strike a Frenchman as true to the manners of his country, or as a faithful transcript of its thoughts and domestic moralities. It seems to us that, save for the bastard English in which this lady has chosen to write, she might as well have located her people at Canterbury as at Caudebec, or thereabouts, and that she has given us nothing French save the vocabulary and the "local colour." Diane Devisme, who stands sponsor for the two volumes wherein her biographer has narrated her difficulties and perplexities, is a novelist's heroine of any clime and era—that is, she is so much waxwork, like Hinda, in the *Fire Worshippers*, or any number of Zuleikas or Nourmahals; but she is not a living portrait of human flesh and blood. She is beautiful, of course, but, beyond being tall and slender, she is not individualized. To say that her eyes "were dark, and wild, and sweet all in one, lustrous and liquid with sudden lights and shadows, and her mouth full of charming curves," may be pretty phraseology, but it is not portraiture. Nor do we come much nearer to her by this:—"Perhaps the greatest charm of Diane was the harmony that seemed to pervade her. The exquisite and clear sweetness of her voice matched as perfectly with the soft transparent skin and refined features as the brilliance that shone every now and then in her eyes agreed with the wild grace of her movements." All this tells us nothing; and only a story of exceptional vitality of circumstance would have given point and substance to these vague word outlines. But Diane has not much to do of a kind that shows the quality of her temper; and of the little that is given her there is nothing either nationally true or personally characteristic. Of this first quality indeed we have little or nothing that is satisfactory. Though human nature is very much the same from India to England, from America to Japan, yet national habits and manners, religious modes of thought and domestic moralities, have everywhere an immense restraining as well as

moulding power; but Diane Devisme is not French any more than she is Indian or English, Japanese or Cherokee; hence she is not clear in her personality. Saucy and spoilt and daring at one moment, she is also tender and timid at another; impatient of contradiction, she is at heart submissive; proud and innocent of evil intention, she is penitent; pure, she is so pressed by passionate love, heightened by remorse for no wrong-doing, as to go to the mother of the man whom she loves and has offended to beg her to use her influence with her son and reunite him to her once more, this mother having been always cold and unfriendly to her. Young and beautiful, she wanders about the streets and country alone, she who is the daughter of a well-to-do French tradesman, and not considered beneath the notice of M. le Baron de Berville up at the château. She pays visits of an hour long alone to the unmarried doctor of the place; talks and walks alone with young men both of her own station and of one superior to her own; and is squeezed and kissed and hugged by her lover, when *fiancée*, all the same as if she had been a frank English girl or an American "with no nonsense about her." This is not French, nor, we venture to think, is the ill-natured gossip of the village market-women before she is known. Even in the lowest class of French life—French virtuous and respectable life—there is a certain sentimental respect for the *ingénue*, a certain almost religious reverence for maiden modesty and purity, which would have kept Diane free from the coarse scandal so liberally poured on her by Mrs. Macquoid's market gossips; at the least, until she had proved herself deserving of the ill name with which she was credited from the beginning. And surely there would have been found one among the women who would have befriended the motherless girl, and have put the rest to silence for very shame. Human nature has its rough bits and crooked passages certainly, but it is scarcely so bad as the author of *Diane* would have us believe; and gossip, detraction, and envy, though inherent in the low-class woman everywhere, do not usually sway the thoughts and fill the hearts of a whole group, but leave some room for womanly pity, some possibilities of maternal tenderness. Where, too, was the curé, the guide and confidant, pastor and ruler of all this flock? We miss his familiar figure from Mrs. Macquoid's pages; and, above all, we miss his influence. Such a life as that ascribed to Diane Devisme would be a simple impossibility in a small Norman country town, or rather village; and the independence, absence of family counsels, and unchecked individualism of the whole proceedings belong to us rather than to our neighbours. The very soul of French domestic life is the absolute control exercised over the young; the very soul of its provincial and second-class social life is the absolute supremacy of the clergy over all women. But Mrs. Macquoid gives us, instead, histories of young girls who have no more curb on them than so many rattling Canadians or smart Yankees; while the Church is absent altogether, and the curé's influence, which would be paramount, nowhere.

The story is the old, old story of love shadowed by jealousy and interrupted by evil speaking, lying, and slandering—these helped forward by folly and temper, indiscretion, and unwise reticence. Diane Devisme has returned from her grandmother's at Norville to her father's house—the tanner at "the little town beside the river," for which we fail to discover any more exact name. She is a beautiful young girl of wayward temper and fascinating manners; with nothing to do and no one to take care of her. She is seen by chance, looking over the garden-wall, by Michel Trudin, the "strong" man of the story; who, seeing her, incontinent falls in love with her more like an Oriental than a steady-going, shrewd, cool, and calculating Normandy tradesman. In a very short time, possessed by his love and altogether changed and unstrung, Michel sends his mother to demand the hand of Diane from her father; his mother, stern old Agathe, having been one of those who have "taken against" the girl from the beginning. Diane, who is on the highway to loving Michel, but has not quite accomplished that feat to her own satisfaction, accepts him dutifully enough as her betrothed, and for a few days all goes well and merrily. But at the château lives M. le Baron de Berville, with his handsome son Léon, whom Diane had played with and joined in nutting expeditions, been kissed by and called his "little wife" when they were all children together, and who, now in his young manhood, seems very much inclined to repeat the childish plays to more serious purpose. He of course falls in love with the tanner's beautiful daughter, for whom also the proud old Baron feels a strange tenderness, and whom he invites to the château with an odd forgetfulness of French caution and *les convenances*. Léon's passion is helped by Mme. Poulain, a handsome widow, well-to-do and dangerous, who is desperately in love with Michel, and who would ruin Diane without remorse if only she could separate her from Mme. Trudin's strong son. Diane goes to the château by M. le Baron's invitation, at her father's desire, and to Michel's certain displeasure. Mme. Poulain intrigues to compromise the girl; and Michel is angry, as is natural; while Diane is pert and silly, as is also natural. After some more acts of real innocence and apparent levity, Michel breaks his engagement and goes off to Rouen in a huff. Diane first cries herself ill, then humbles herself to Mme. Trudin, and is nearly compromised for ever once more by Mme. Poulain, who is always working to make bad worse and white seem to be black. But finally things come right; the intriguing widow is partially unthawed, Léon de Berville makes himself Diane's pleader, justifier, and advocate with Michel; Michel turns himself round and the scales fall from his eyes; the two lovers are reconciled and married, and Agathe is not only brought to allow the marriage, but falls in love, like every one else, with her

\* *Diane*. By Katherine S. Macquoid, Author of "Patty," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1875.

*The Evil Eye; and other Stories*. By Katherine S. Macquoid, Author of "Patty," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1875.



fascinating daughter-in-law. Before things, however, have got so far, matters are a little complicated by the love of one Charles Haulard for Diane; his mother's demanding her in marriage as Mme. Agathe had demanded her before; her father's consent and her own refusal; and the despairing love of his sister Eugénie Haulard for Michel. Thus three men are in love with Diane, and three women, to balance, with Michel; but as these episodes serve only to fill up space, not to advance the story, we may leave them unnoticed.

There are a few good touches of costume and the like, and some of the stories in the *Evil Eye* are interesting and well planned; but what evil genius prompted Mrs. Macquoid to write in the hybrid jargon which she has adopted throughout these three volumes? Why does she say in the original "Mon Dieu," and "Tais-toi, Suzanne," "Oui, oui, ma fille, attendez donc," and then, in a translation, "How light thou art here, my mother! why, under the avenue just now one had to look twice to see plain"? Why should Dr. Gerôme say "spoiling my rocher" instead of rockery? and why should Suzanne say "Au revoir, my neighbour," instead of "Good-bye," or, more completely, "Au revoir, mon voisin"? If the book was to be written in literal French-English, why interpolate untranslated expressions? The method of literal translation is horrible at the best, but with the addition of untranslated phrases it is simply unendurable.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE publication of Herr Michael Bernays's "Young Goethe" is the literary event of the day in Germany, and there can be no two opinions as to the value of the work. It is possible, however, that it would have excited less expectation had it been distinctly understood how little it would contain that was strictly new. The importance of the publication consists less in any actual addition to the extant mass of Goethe-literature than in the assemblage in a single well-defined group of all literary productions and other documents calculated to display Goethe in his character of the eager, strenuous youth, full of fire and audacity—a character not less properly belonging to him than the Olympian serenity of his later years, but inevitably overshadowed by the latter. It has been his fortune to exemplify one of his own profound sayings, that the departed always appear to us as we have seen them last. The present publication owes its origin to the zeal of the publisher, S. Hirzel, an indefatigable collector of everything pertaining to Goethe, who has gradually amassed a number of unpublished letters and other MSS., together with a unique collection of early editions of Goethe's works, some of which vary remarkably from the standard editions and from each other. So many of these curiosities have found their way into print from time to time that the work contains little absolutely new. Two letters written at the age of fifteen belong to this category, and some interesting letters to Lavater are now printed in their entirety for the first time. The correspondence is arranged chronologically, and the letters supplied by the recently published correspondence with the Kestners, Johanna Fahlmer, and others, is duly incorporated. The larger part of the volumes, however, is occupied by a reprint of Goethe's early writings in their original form. These include *Werther*, *Götz von Berlichingen*, *Clavigo*, *Stella*, *Die Mitschuldigen*, and a number of the most interesting and best known lyrical poems. The variations of the text are sometimes very remarkable, but the chief interest of the collection consists in the distinctness of its representation of the youthful Goethe in a stage at which the subsequent course of his development could not have been anticipated. The collection is beautifully printed, and accompanied with an able introductory essay by the editor.

Although but few of the letters written by Schiller† or addressed to him on business matters would have deserved preservation from their intrinsic importance, the correspondence is nevertheless well worth publishing in the mass as a contribution to the history of the literary profession in Germany. Schiller was all his life a type of the struggling author, too popular and self-respecting to need compassion or indulgence, but nevertheless always needy, sometimes embarrassed, condemned to a perpetual course of expedients, financial and other; on the whole, much in the condition of Johnson before he obtained his pension. As Herr Goedeke justly points out, he had no cause to complain of his publishers, some of whom were personal friends, and all of whom showed a liberal spirit and a flattering confidence in his powers. One principal cause of the smallness of a German author's profits in those days was the abuse of piratical reprinting, which was carried to such lengths that the pirate sometimes obtained an exclusive privilege which debarred the author from selling his own book. Schiller's chief correspondents among his publishers were his early friend Göschen, the publisher of his *Thalia*; Unger, who brought out the *Musenalmannach* and some of his dramas; and Crusius, the publisher of his historical works. The correspondence respecting the periodicals edited by him, involving editorial cares, is naturally fuller and more interesting than that relating to his own writings. It is enlivened by a number of letters from W. von Humboldt, during the period of their collaboration in the *Musen-*

*almanach*, which frequently contain allusions to other episodes in literature, as, for instance, to Goethe's sensitiveness respecting the neglect of his "Theory of Colours." Schiller expresses himself despondingly respecting the poetical prospects of his age; he and Goethe had not succeeded in founding a school, and the only sign of poetical vitality apparent to him was the Romantic school, whose mysticism and want of truth he severely condemns. The limitation of even the soundest judgments is illustrated by the circumstance of this lamentation having been penned about the time of the publication of Wordsworth's and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads*. Of Burns Schiller could know nothing. One of the curiosities of the volume is a letter written by Körner from London about 1780, in which, along with some anecdotes of the London stage, mention is made of Dr. Johnson, who is said, but surely erroneously, to keep eleven cats. Another curiosity is a proposal from Schiller himself to abridge and recast the Chinese novel subsequently translated by Sir John Davis. His attention had probably been directed to China by his version of Gozzi's *Turandot*, and he may have thought of repaying in kind the compliment which the Chinese had paid to *Werther*.

The diaries of Sophia Countess von Voss\* afford important materials towards the history of the Prussian Court for well nigh threescore years and ten. It was the Countess's fortune to enjoy the favour of three successive monarchs, and to be enthusiastically devoted to the most interesting Queen recorded in Prussian history. She was also endowed with the greatest advantages of mind and person; nevertheless her life was by no means a happy one, and only fails of producing a tragical impression for lack of a catastrophe. Soon after her *début* at Court, in 1745, she had the misfortune to attract and return the regard of Frederick the Great's brother, the unfortunate Prince of Prussia. Marriage and concubinage were equally out of the question, and the awkward situation was terminated by a constrained marriage, of which she speaks with repugnance, though it endured without an open breach for forty years. Then followed the tragical death of the Prince, who, heart-broken at his brother's severity, died refusing food and medicine; then the anxieties and disasters of the last years of the Seven Years' War, followed by a quarter of a century of the dulllest imaginable life at the mere spectre of a Court in the Sovereign's absence; then, upon the revival of gaiety, an unpleasant episode recalling the incidents of the Countess's early career. The new King fell violently in love with her niece, and the latter, to her aunt's great annoyance, was induced to yield to his Majesty's passion on condition of a morganatic marriage performed during the old Queen's lifetime. This singular arrangement was deliberately sanctioned by the Berlin Consistory, on the strength of the precedent set by Melanchthon; but the Countess's niece did not long survive it, and her death was another heavy blow to her aunt, whose *Memoirs* contain many curious particulars respecting Frederick William's amours. He appears to have been greatly beloved notwithstanding the weakness of his character. After his death the Countess was appointed Mistress of the Robes to his successor's consort, the admirable Queen Louise, to whom she became most devotedly attached. The invasion of Napoleon, the humiliation of the nation and the Royal Family, the hardships of the Tilsit campaign, and the premature death of the Queen form a third tragic episode in her protracted career. She lived, however, to see the downfall of Napoleon. The self-portraiture of her reminiscences is highly engaging; there is no attempt at piquancy or brilliancy, but everywhere the dignity and simplicity of a thorough gentlewoman. It may be regretted that the editor has not been more liberal in his excerpts relating to political events, especially to the effect produced by the French Revolution at Berlin.

Professor Frohschammer† has collected his recent essays on religious and ecclesiastical questions, some of which have been printed separately, while others have appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. They nearly all relate directly or indirectly to the Old Catholic controversy, and represent the views of those who think that the Old Catholic movement will fail of attaining any considerable results until it has altogether quitted the sphere of ecclesiastical tradition, and become avowedly rationalistic. It is clear that the Pope, from his point of view, had abundant reason for distrusting Bavarian professors. The Old Catholics will be in no haste to claim Professor Frohschammer as an ally, ready as they may be to applaud his hits at the ignorance of one class of Roman controversialists and the unverity of another, and his exhibition of the disagreeable predicament in which the faithful Catholic must find himself whichever view he adopts respecting that most inconvenient personage, Pope Honorius.

Two volumes of sermons, by Dr. Luthardt‡ and Heinrich Lang§, are respectively excellent specimens of the productiveness of the orthodox Lutheran and the rationalistic pulpit in Germany. There is more eloquence in the former, but a more strictly professional tone, and less apparent earnestness. To the latter is

\* *Neunundsechzig Jahre am Preussischen Hofe*. Aus den Erinnerungen von Oberhofmeisterin Sophie Marie Gräfin von Voss. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ueber die religiösen und kirchen-politischen Fragen der Gegenwart*. Gesammelte Abhandlungen von J. Frohschammer. Elberfeld: Loh. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Das Wort der Wahrheit*. Predigten von C. E. Luthardt. Leipzig: Dörfling & Franke. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Religiöse Reden*. Von H. Lang. Bd. 2. Zürich: Schmidt. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Der junge Goethe*. Seine Briefe und Dichtungen von 1764-1776. Mit einer Einleitung von Michael Bernays. 3 The. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Asher & Co.

† *Geschäftsbriefe Schiller's*. Gesammelt, erläutert, und herausgegeben von K. Goedeke. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

prefixed a lecture on the life and writings of Strauss, remarkable for temperance and impartiality of tone. Some observations on Strauss's unhappy marriage having attracted criticism, an appendix is added with documentary evidence, tending, so far as it goes, entirely to his exculpation from any graver charge than that of having rashly allied himself to a most unsuitable partner.

The point of view from which Herr Duhm principally contemplates the Hebrew prophets\* is the illustration afforded by their writings to the gradual progress of the theocratic idea until its perfect realization after the return from Babylon. The chief critical feature of his work is the late date he assigns to Joel.

Dr. Wünsche's treatise on the "Cheerfulness of Jesus"† is directed partly against the accredited theology, but more particularly against writers who, like Strauss, have represented Christianity as intrinsically hostile to civilization, or who, like Schopenhauer, have regarded it as an ascetic creed accidentally grafted upon Judaism, but generically allied to Buddhism. There is much practical good sense in Dr. Wünsche's essay, but he is not exempt from the usual infirmity of divines of finding far more in his texts than they were ever intended to convey. He makes considerable use of the Talmud and other Jewish sources of illustration.

Dr. Paulsen, in his investigation of the phases successively assumed by Kant's philosophy‡, distinguishes three periods—an early one of unquestioning belief in innate ideas, a subsequent leaning to empiricism, and an ultimate reaction towards the former hypothesis.

Otto Ribbeck's volume on the Roman tragic poets of the Republican period§ is an appendage to his edition of the fragments of the Roman tragic drama. Its object is to reconstruct the lost tragedies as far as possible from the passages which have come down to us. These, it need not be said, are both scanty and fragmentary in the extreme, and even Herr Ribbeck's ingenuity would in general be entirely baffled but for so many of the subjects of the Roman stage having also been treated by the Greek dramatists. A comparison with the works of the latter, when extant, or with the fragments of the latter when this is not the case, has enabled Herr Ribbeck to assign many of the scattered and mutilated lines to their probable speakers, and in many cases to offer a plausible outline of the order of the scenes and probable scheme of the lost play. Such restoration must of course be to a great extent conjectural, but the dexterity and ingenuity of the writer's combinations frequently extort admiration where they cannot command assent. The first pages contain an interesting sketch of the Greek post-Euripidean tragic drama.

Dr. H. Semper disarms criticism on his Life of Donatello|| by his frank admission of the incompleteness of the work. Circumstances have not allowed him to work up the rich material collected by him into an adequate biography; and, lest it should be lost, he has found it expedient to print the hitherto unpublished documents and references to Donatello, along with an essay of his own on Donatello's relation to other sculptors, and the contemporary condition of the art, as well as a translation of the Life of Vasari, and Francesco Bocchi's not very valuable treatise on Donatello's "St. George." Dr. Semper's own chapters on Donatello contain a fair, though unfinished, sketch of the sculptor's life, with criticisms on his works, and an account of the circumstances attendant upon their production, and some valuable excursions on collateral subjects of interest, such as the Florentine sculptors before Donatello, the works of the Tuscan goldsmiths, and the practice of tinting statuary, which he proves by documentary evidence to have existed in Donatello's days.

Johann Neudörfer¶, a citizen of Nuremberg in the first half of the sixteenth century, is famous as the founder of the art of ornamental handwriting in Germany. A fellow-feeling for other branches of art induced him to compile a catalogue, with short biographical sketches, of all distinguished Nuremberg artists, from Albert Dürer down to the makers of musical instruments and cabinet-makers. The work has been taxed with serious errors, but is nevertheless an invaluable record of the art history of Nuremberg, and a striking testimony to the affluence of artistic genius in every department in the age of Renaissance. It has been carefully edited by Dr. Lochner, who has supplemented Neudörfer's sometimes meagre notices by additional details drawn from the Nuremberg archives.

Dr. H. Dütschke\*\* has addressed himself to the useful task of describing the remains of antique sculpture preserved in Upper Italy. His first volume comprises the great collection, principally of sarcophagi, in the Campo Santo at Pisa. These have already been described and figured in the costly volume of Lasinio, but

this is well replaced by Dr. Dütschke's more scholarly and accurate account, even though unaccompanied by engravings. The second volume contains a description of the miscellaneous objects preserved in private and other collections at Florence; others are to follow. Dr. Dütschke's descriptions are terse, precise, and readable, and he is careful to refer to all accounts already published.

We are indebted to a writer bearing or adopting the appropriate name of Strauss\* for a very pretty book upon the history and romance of the floral world. It is an elegant book for the drawing-room, and something more. Not merely are the legends attaching to flowers gracefully told along with the principal facts concerning their introduction and cultivation, but there is enough of reference to standard botanical authorities to serve as at least a groundwork for accurate scientific knowledge. There is also abundant information respecting the commercial and medicinal uses of the plants, and the best methods of cultivation.

The late Dr. Waagen† is principally known in this country by his work on the art treasures of Great Britain and Ireland, but some of his minor writings possess considerable value. A selection of these, edited by Alfred Woltmann, includes an essay on art as an educational agency, a combined biography of Andrea Mantegna and Luca Signorelli, monographs on Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, and Schinkel, and several essays on points relating to Raffaele. The collection is prefaced by an interesting and well-written memoir. Waagen is described as a man of unprepossessing exterior, and not very attractive manners, but as highly distinguished by sincerity and warmth of heart. His frankness procured him many enemies, who eagerly availed themselves of his weak points, and Herr Woltmann admits that as a connoisseur he was not always exempt from criticism. One perpetual source of annoyance was the uneasy nature of his relations with his official superior at the Berlin Museum. The history may be commended to the consideration of those who think that the management of a great literary, scientific, or artistic institution can be safely entrusted to a single director, without the close supervision of a Minister or Governing Body.

Paul Heyse's new novel, "In Paradise,"‡ is principally a story of artistic life. The scene is laid at Munich, and the characters are chiefly artists, with a model or two thrown in. Many of the persons and students, it may be suspected, are derived from real life. Some of the scenes are very pretty, but the author's talent is ill adapted for the construction of long stories, and the whole rather produces the impression of a succession of novelettes. The style is throughout most graceful, and the interest of the whole is much enhanced by a continual under-current of allusion to the political and social ideas now agitating Germany.

The current number of the *Rundschau* § is the least interesting we have hitherto had. The most remarkable contribution is an account by the eminent naturalist, Haeckel, of a recent visit to Broussa and ascent of Mount Olympus. Ottoman architecture, notwithstanding the ravages of earthquakes, may still be viewed in perfection at Broussa, the ancient capital of the Sultans. We may also note T. Storm's pretty novelette, *Psyche*, and some letters from Goethe to K. E. Schubarth, characteristic products of the last decade of his life, and though brief and occasional, rich in passages of mild dignified wisdom.

That object of universal interest, the progress of Russia in Central Asia, receives additional illustration from two papers in the last number of the *Russische Revue*||—one on the Central Asian trade of Russia for 1873, by A. Matthäi, the other a sketch of the results obtained by the recent exploration of Hissar, a district dependent upon Bokhara, and hitherto closed against investigation by Europeans. There are two other contributions of much interest—a history of the financial administration of Count Cancrin (1823-1844), and a notice of the recently published diary of Chrapowitzky, private secretary of Catharine II., which appears to teem with amusing, characteristic, and for the most part amiable, traits of the great Empress, together with many remarkable sayings and acute judgments of her predecessors and contemporaries.

\* *Die Blumen in Sage und Geschichte*. Skizzen von M. von Strauss. Berlin: Enslin. London: Asher & Co.

† *Kleine Schriften*. Von G. F. Waagen. Mit einer biographischen Skizze. Stuttgart: Ebner & Seubert. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Im Paradiese*. Roman von Paul Heyse. 3 Bde. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. II. Hft. 1. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *Russische Revue*. Jahrg. IV. Hfte. 8, 9. St. Petersburg: Röttger. London: Nutt.

ERRATUM.—In our last week's issue "Strange Tales" (from "Vanity Fair") was inadvertently called Strange Stories.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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\* *Die Theologie der Propheten als Grundlage für die innere Entwicklungsgeschichte der israelitischen Religion*. Von B. Duhm. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der lebensfreundliche Jesus der synoptischen Evangelien im Gegensatz zum leidenden Messias der Kirche*. Von Dr. A. Wünsche. Leipzig: Mentzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Versuch einer Entwicklungsgeschichte der Kantischen Erkenntnistheorie*. Von Dr. F. Paulsen. Leipzig: Fues. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Die Römische Tragödie im Zeitalter der Republik*. Dargestellt von Otto Ribbeck. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Donatello, seine Zeit und Schule*. Eine Reihenfolge von Abhandlungen von Dr. Hans Semper. Wien: Braumüller. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Des J. Neudörfer's Nachrichten*. Neben der Fortsetzung des Andreas Guden herausgegeben von G. W. K. Lochner. Wien: Braumüller. London: Asher & Co.

\*\* *Antike Bildwerke in Oberitalien*. Beschrieben von H. Dütschke. Th. 1, 2. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.



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